

CAPTAIN JACOBUS.



Certain passages from the Memoirs of ANTHONY LANGFORD Gentleman: containing a particular account of his Adventures with CAPTAIN JACOBUS the Notorious Cavalier Highwayman: of his connection with the PERRUDDOCK Plot in the time of the Commonwealth and of the surprising Adventures and singular turns of Fortune that befell him in the course of these relations. Written by Himself and now newly set forth By L. Cope Cornford.

ILLUSTRATED BY C. M. SHELDON



CHAPTER I.

THE RIVALS.

ONE March morning, in the year of our Lord 1655, I mounted my horse at the door of Langford Manor, and filled with the blithest anticipations, set forth to Salisbury city. Such an occasion befalls a man but once in his life, and it behoves him to make the most of it. The weather was bright and sunny, with a merry breeze that shook down the yellow catkins upon man and beast as we passed: the countryside appeared to laugh and sing; and when I entered the venerable city, it greeted me with a sparkling aspect whereto my eyes seemed newly opened.

Leaving my horse at the Sign of the Sun over against the Conduit, in the High Street, I took my way towards

the Market Place, where, just beyond the Poultry Cross, stands the house of Mr. Richard Phelps, at that time Mayor of Salisbury. As luck would have it, I had scarce gone twenty paces from the inn before I saw John Manning advancing down the street. Now of all persons in the world I disliked Mr. Manning the worst: and I think he hated me; but this morning (for the first time) I felt I could perfectly afford to be civil. For hitherto John Manning had always the upper hand of me in a manner of quiet domineering highly irksome to a generous nature. Our respective fathers, serving under the headlong leadership of Sir Harry Bard, were slain on Alresford field while I was still undergoing education at New College, Oxford. But young Manning, who was five years my senior, had fought side by side with his father, and had been wounded in the left arm and shoulder—a misfortune of which he was most inordinately vain. Moreover, he was a very proper man, with a silver tongue and a pretty trick of using it: while I, although greater of body, was a shy and plain youth, with no such mighty talent for conversation. Time and again, when I have been sitting happily with Barbara, he has entered upon us and put me to the blush with his courtly performances, till I was fain to quit the room in the blackest of tempers.

As he came cocking down the pavement I perceived that Mr. Manning was dressed as if for a festival, in silver-laced silken coat, quilted breeches slashed with crimson, and silken stockings of the

same colour: he wore a silver-hilted walking-sword; and the black love-lock disposed upon his shoulder was tied with a knot of silver-pointed crimson ribbon.

"Well met, Anthony," cried Manning, stopping and holding out his hand. "You shall be the first to wish me joy this fine morning."

His greeting took me very much aback, for it was precisely the manner of address I had prepared in my own mind for Manning. Then it occurred to me that his attentions to Mistress Barbara Phelps had, after all, expressed no more than friendship; and I shook his proffered hand till the bones cracked; and my gallant had much ado to preserve an unmoved countenance.

"With all my heart," I said. "And who is the so fortunate lady?"

Manning smiled pleasantly. "I may not tell you her name," he replied. "For to say truth, I have won but the father's consent to my courtship. But I do not despair of the maiden's."

"Why, here is a singular coincidence," I cried. "Give me your good wishes in turn, Manning, for I have the maiden's consent, and I am hoping for the father's."

Manning's face darkened suddenly, "Indeed!" said he. "And who is the so fortunate lady?"

His manner surprised me, and awoke a suspicion.

"Well, the affair is private, at present," I returned. "Nevertheless, I should think you might give a reasonable near guess."

"I profess myself at a loss," replied Manning, coldly.

"Why, then I will leave you to think over it at leisure. Give you good-den, Mr. Manning;" and I made as if to go.

But Manning planted himself squarely across my path.

"And where are you going in such a mighty hurry, Mr. Anthony Langford?"

"What is that to you?" I retorted, losing patience, and attempting to push past him. "Out o' my way."

Manning caught me by the arm. "It is this to me," he said, "that there is just one house in this city which I warn you not to visit, or you and I will fall out. Do not feign to misunderstand me, Anthony."

"I shall visit where I please," I said, wrenching my arm free. "What non-

sense is this? Stand back, or I draw on you."

I laid my hand on the hilt of my rapier, but Manning seized my wrist. The touch was as a match to powder, and I caught him a buffet on the point of the chin with my left hand. I heard his teeth click together like the snapping of a trap, and he loosed his hold and staggered backwards. I drew sword and stood on guard, expecting of course that Manning would attack me then and there. But seeing the people beginning to throng from all sides, my adversary thought better of it, and putting a laced kerchief to his mouth, he came up to me and slipped his arm through mine, as if we had been merely jesting.

"Put up your blade," he said in a low voice. "Do you want to get us both in jail, you madman?"

I had nothing to do but to comply, and we began to walk forward. The crowd followed us a little distance, but seeing there was no more sport to be had, presently dwindled away and left us to march arm-in-arm across the market-place.

"You forget yourself strangely at times, Mr. Langford," remarked Manning. "But be assured that I shall not forget you. And since you will not take advice, I am going to do myself the honour of accompanying you upon your visit."

"With all my heart," I returned. "And I beg you to remark that, for my part, I make no stipulation. It doth not appear to me a dignified proceeding."

Manning replied nothing, and we arrived in silence at the door of old Richard Phelps's tall, gabled mansion, with the squares of white plaster between the black cross-timbering and projecting diamond-paned windows. Before Manning could speak I had told the housewench who ushered us into the long, low room on the first floor, to inform Mr. Phelps that Mr. Anthony Langford requested the honour of a few minutes talk with him. A wood-fire crackled upon the hearth, for the weather was chilly; and Manning and I stood stiffly side by side with our backs to the high mantelpiece. We were careful that our respective shoulders should not touch, by the fraction of an inch: had they done so neither would have budged a hairsbreadth: and contention might have ensued. So we stood as rigid as a pair of statues until the door opened and Mr.

Phelps entered the room. The Mayor was a broad-shouldered, ruddy, bald old gentleman, with twinkling blue eyes and a grey beard.

"Why, Anthony, my boy, how do you do? What, back so soon, John! Oons, what hast done to thy mouth, man? Thou

"Mr. Phelps, I have come upon a personal affair of some delicacy, which I should have preferred to discuss with you in private. But as Mr. Manning has thought fit, for reasons of his own, to force himself upon my company, I can very well say what I have to say before



"I LAID MY HAND ON THE HILT OF MY RAPIER"

canst never go a-wooing in that guise. Or perhaps Barbara will help to make it well again, hey?" and the old man winked genially at me.

I was resolved to take the lead in this three-cornered interview if I could, and before Manning could open his damaged lips I began.

him. I am come, sir, to request your permission to pay my addresses to your daughter, Mistress Barbara," I concluded, with hot cheeks and lips that had suddenly become parched.

"I have had the honour to inform Mr. Langford of what passed between us this morning," Manning put in.

The Mayor comprehended us both in a glance that seemed to betoken some amusement.

"And so then you fell to fisticuffs, like a pair of school-boys? I am ashamed of you, gentlemen," said he: and Manning flushed darkly. "I will deal plainly with you," he went on. "One at a time is but fair play, Anthony. Had you got up a little more betimes, you would have had the start: now Manning has the advantage. I will have no brawling in my house, and since you cannot agree, you must wait till John has thrown his main. If he fails in his suit, why, you may come to me again. I will favour neither of you by so much as a word. 'Tis for Barbara to choose: she shall do as she likes; and so long as she is happy, you will find her father pleased," concluded this exemplary parent.

This was what I desired, and a great weight lifted from my mind at his words; for I had been sore afraid that Mr. Phelps was set upon Manning for a son-in-law. Nevertheless, I did not see why Barbara should be cumbered with Manning's odious courtesies for an indefinite period.

"Nothing can be fairer, and whatever befall, I am much beholden to your kindness," I said. "But how long must I wait my turn, sir?"

"Nay, that you must ask John Manning," said the old man.

"Mr. Manning's manner of conversation does not gratify me," I replied. "I had rather ask Mistress Barbara. Your daughter has been acquainted with both Mr. Manning and myself from childhood, and if she hath taken a fancy to either, doubtless her mind is settled."

Manning must have known himself defeated, but he played a last card.

"Perhaps Mr. Langford has his own reasons for such a supposition," he struck in, and despite all I could do, I felt myself flush.

Old Phelps looked sharply at me, and his face grew stern.

"What have you to say to that, Anthony?" he asked.

"It is true," said I, "and a breach of proper etiquette, I own. But it only occurred last night. I am instant to repair it, you see, sir."

"You did very wrong, sir," returned the outraged father, angrily. "Here is a pretty state of affairs. It would serve you right were I to forbid you the house."

"I demand it," cried Manning. "Your pledge to me admits of no other course, Mr. Phelps."

"Does it not?" said the old gentleman, who was perhaps glad to find another outlet for his anger. "But I am not accustomed to take orders, John Manning, and I think differently. Come! We will settle this matter off-hand:" and opening the door, he shouted "Barbara!"

Manning, seeing what was to follow, went as white as a clout, and catching up his hat, strode towards the open door.

"I fear I shall spoil your little plot, but I have no fancy to be made a show of," said he. "I have fallen into a strange mistake, it seems; but 'tis not too late to amend it. Give you good-den, Mr. Mayor:" and before the astonished old man could answer, my rival was gone.

He must have passed Barbara on the stairs, for she entered almost immediately. My betrothed dwelt ever in my thoughts: and when we were absent from each other, I would please myself by picturing in my mind her look when we should meet again: and still, when it came to pass, her beauty struck me always newly, in a kind of revelation. So it was upon her entrance that morning, with her shining hair and blue eyes, apparelled in something chequered and dainty of the same colour.

"Prithee, father, what's the matter?" asked Barbara.

"Matter!" said Mr. Phelps. "Why, the matter is, that, whereas this morning you had a couple of sweethearts, now you have only the one. Will he content ye, my dear?"

"We can but try, at all events," said Barbara.

It was late that night before I found myself riding homeward under the stars. My way lay across the old bridge that spans the river Avon, where a little islet, upon which is built a chapel, stems the mid-stream. The roadway of the bridge passes underneath groined arches which carry the chapel floor: on either side a stairway rises to an open balcony, which, running right round the building, and fenced by a stone balustrading of foliated open-work, gives access to the interior. The moonlight glittered upon the swirling flood below, and sparkled here and there amid the elaborate confusion of

flying buttresses and pinnacles, upon the tall windows of the chapel.

Riding at a footpace across the bridge, I had come within a bow's shot of the archway, when a horseman leaped from the black shadow and came charging towards me. I had scarce time to note the glint of steel in his right hand ere he was upon me. Hardly knowing what I did, I slipped from my saddle to avoid his onset. The rider swerved, but I dodged and ran for the chapel, as man and horse collided with my own steed. I heard a mighty clatter of hoofs upon the stones behind me, and my horse galloped past just as I reached the archway. The moment's delay saved me. A dismounted man has little chance against a horseman, and I took no shame to myself for running away.

I sprang up the winding steps and had reached the balcony, when I heard the echoing clang of hoofs. Peering over the coping, I perceived the road on the further side of the chapel to be empty; my pursuer had therefore dismounted, and was probably at that very moment ascending one or other of the two staircases, pistol in hand. I had not seen his face, for it was masked with a black vizard and muffled, but I could think of no one who bore me such a deadly grudge as this appeared to indicate, save Manning. He should find me ready for him this bout, at any rate. I drew my sword (a long Italian rapier) and, taking off my horseman's cloak, wrapped it twice round my left arm, grasping the collar in my hand, allowing a yard or so of the skirt to hang loose. Going to the top of the steps, I listened intently. There was no sound, save the stamping of the impatient horse below and the jingling of his bit, so that Manning must have chosen to escalate the fortress by the opposite stairs.

I reflected, with some emotion, that my enemy doubtless had pistols, whilst I had none. Nevertheless, I had no intention of being stalked like a beast: and treading noiselessly to the angle buttress, laid my cheek to the stone, and stole a glance round the corner. Sure



"WE STOOD AS RIGID AS A PAIR OF STATUES"

enough, there was Manning, with a naked rapier in one hand, and a long pistol in the other, advancing with the most excessive caution. The moon shone full upon his upturned face, so that I could see the whites of his eyes behind the black mask, and the lips beneath the bristling mustachio curling from the clenched teeth like the snarl of a dog, as he lifted and noiselessly put down first one foot and then the other.

It was my turn to charge this time, and I dashed out upon him. The suddenness of my onset caused him to shoot wide with his maimed arm, as I had hoped and prayed, and I heard the bullet sing past my head. Manning thereupon thrust at me swiftly, but with an old trick of the fencing school, I entangled his blade in my heavy cloak, and catching the hilt with my left hand, tore it from his grasp, at the same time lunging forward till my right foot was behind my adversary's back. He was thus at my mercy: but I had never killed a man at that time, and my blood turned from the deed. I have never ceased to regret my surrender to that womanish impulse. As it was, I girt him round the lower ribs, and began to

squeeze the breath out of him. Manning sobbed and struggled and swore, but his arms were pinioned, and I was the stronger man. So soon as he was quiet I let him drop, and he lay gasping. Then I picked up his sword and snapped it across my knee: his pistols I stuck in my belt: and stood a paternoster-while to fetch my breath.

"Look you, John Manning," I said, presently. "We will call quits, and no squares broke. But I have just one

word to say. Mark me, if ever I meet you within sight of Salisbury Cathedral spire again, may I be judged by the Four Evangelists, but I will fight you. You had best be packing before daylight, for I am about pretty betimes. I wish you joy, John Manning."

With that I left him, and started to walk to Langford Manor: but I had not gone far before I came upon my horse, cropping the hedge: and mounting, I rode home, and so to bed, to dream of Barbara.

CHAPTER II.

CAPTAIN JACOBUS.

NEXT day, and for several days afterwards, I rose very betimes to transact the affairs of my estate with my steward: then rode away hot-foot to Salisbury, to the house of Mayor Phelps. Looking back upon that brief period of felicity, I see a rich procession of sunny hours, musical with the falling chimes of the towering Cathedral, during which we found such happiness that I sometimes felt afraid. I could not think that I had earned such fortune: and I doubted whether God would allow it: and indeed, after events put some colour on this reasoning.

My betrothed was an only child: her father, old Richard Phelps, was a Master Cutler, and (so it was said) had amassed a pretty fortune in his business. How much it was I did not know, and took no pains to discover: but when we came to discuss marriage settlements, the old man told me he would dower his daughter with three thousand pounds. My own estate of Langford Manor, although much impaired and impoverished during the Civil Wars, was yet sufficient: and there seemed no reason why we should not marry out of hand. But Barbara, it appeared, had a great equipment of garments to buy or to make: and although I could never apprehend the force of the argument, some delay appeared inevitable. At length, however, the wedding was settled for the 18th of April: and, like a schoolboy, I put up a calendar over my bed's head, and scored out a date every morning. And in my voyages to and fro I rode very circumspectly, in case some accident should befall me.

There was scarce a month to run before the day appointed, when destiny

fulfilled my fearful expectations at a blow. Riding homeward in the moonlight across country, as I topped the bare down that shelters Langford village I was aware of a horseman galloping along the ridge towards me. Remembering Mr. Manning's former exploit, I drew rein, and putting myself in a posture of defence, awaited the rider, who thereupon slackened speed, so that I had time to observe him as he drew near. But the stranger was a smaller man than Manning; bestriding a huge roan horse, and carrying an arquebus slung across his shoulders, besides pistols in his holsters, and a French riding-sword.

"I have the honour to address Mr. Anthony Langford, of Langford Manor, I believe?" said he, reining up and removing his black montero-cap with a very courtly gesture.

"At your service, sir," I replied, saluting him in turn. The stranger had a quick, military manner of utterance, and before the words were out of my mouth he continued earnestly:

"Then will you do me the favour, Mr. Langford, to ride with me a little way? I have somewhat to say to you. Oh, yes," he added, as I hesitated, "Y'are perfectly right, I am a highway-man: 'tis true; but I am not here to rob you, nevertheless. Why, you and I have met before, sir. Have you forgotten Captain Jacobus?"

I had not: and now I knew why I remembered mistily the square, strong face, with its great jaw and long nose hooking over the curling mustachio. For one night, before my mother died, she and I were driving homewards in our great family coach over the downs. I was barely in my teens, but I could

fence a bit, and shoot at a mark; and sitting by my mother, with my arm round her waist as the huge vehicle swung and jolted over the ruts, and my little sword between my knees, I felt myself a match for a whole band of robbers. But I must have forgotten my wardship and fallen on sleep, for I awoke with a start as the coach stopped suddenly, to see the dark figure of a horseman abreast of the window. My mother bade me sit still; and the highwayman swung himself from his horse and leaned over the sill.

"Madam," he began, but got no further, for my mother cried out in astonishment.

"Sir Clipseby Carew!" she exclaimed.

"No, not now," he returned. "Captain Jacobus, Alicia, at your service."

They conversed together for awhile in the French tongue, a language of which I had but small understanding: then the Captain kissed my mother's hand, and rode away into the night. When I asked

my mother who was the strange man, she told me how Sir Clipseby Carew was an old friend of hers: and how the Parliament-men had robbed him of his estates, obliging him to change his name and to take to the road for a living, like many another Cavalier at that unhappy time. The incident engraved itself upon

my boyish imagination, so that for a long time the Captain used often to ride through the mazes of my dreams: and ever since, rumours of his exploits had reached my ears from time to time, and kept the remembrance green. Recalling all this, I was glad enough to put up my



"SHE ENTERED ALMOST IMMEDIATELY"

pistol, and turning my horse's head, to jog along beside Captain Jacobus.

"Why, now I remember, and I am glad, indeed, to renew my acquaintance with Sir Clipseby Carew," I said.

"'Tis long since I heard the title," he returned, twisting his moustache. "But other days are coming, we'll hope. Will

you join us, Mr. Langford, to help regain the King his own?"

"Well, I am a King's man, sure enough," I answered. "But the fact is, Captain, I am going to be married. I do not want to meddle in broils and insurrections."

"You do not?" returned the Captain. "Why, then, what else have you been doing of late, Mr. Langford?"

"Unless a-preparing for wedlock be an offence against the Protector, I do not know," I said in surprise.

"You have no hand in the plot, then?"

"On the rood, no! What plot?"

"Then why are Crook's dragoons billeted in Langford Manor House?" asked the Captain. "And why are patrols posted along the Salisbury Road, to lag you by the heels?"

"What!" I cried, reining up. I knew Captain Crook very well by repute for a zealous servant of Ironside's, who patrolled a district of the West Country with a troop of horse.

"Don't stop, man. We can talk as we're going. Well, I thought you knew naught of it, and that was the reason I stopped you. Your estates are confiscate, young man, and you yourself outlawed, as like as not. I don't know why, but there it is, you see."

The blow had fallen then. I thought of Barbara and our towering hopes toppled into the dust. Then I felt the Captain's hand on my shoulder for a moment, and his rough exhortation rang in my ears.

"Bear up! What, man! worse has happened to better men. We'll be up-sides with the bloody regicides before all's done. Come! Take the road with me and 'list yourself into Sir John Penruddock's volunteers; we want men of your inches. This is no time for marrying. Wait until the King is cocking it at Whitehall, and then

you can marry as much as you please."

"I must go to Salisbury first," I cried.

"Do you desire your sweetheart to behold her lover's head aloft on Chapel Bridge, a-sun-drying on a pike-end?" enquired the Captain, grimly. "But you may send her a letter by a messenger of mine to-night," he added.

"But what have I done? Why should I, as peaceable a citizen as God ever made, be suddenly clapped up for a traitor?"

"How should I know?" replied the Captain. "The point

is, I take it, that so it is, most unmistakably. Hast quarrelled with anyone who hath the ear of Cromwell, or that bloody spider Secretary Thurloe, by any chance?"

"I have quarrelled with no man, excepting Mr. John Manning, and he is a Royalist and a Catholic."

"Ah!" said Captain Jacobus; "and how was that?"

Whereupon I related the story of our difference, without of course mentioning the lady's name.

"And you have not fallen across him since?" enquired Jacobus, when I had finished.

"No."

"Well, Mr. Langford, if you get a man stark mad with jealousy under

your hand, and then you let him go free (and why you did so passeth my poor imagination), you must not be astonished at disaster. That is all there is to be said. And now to the business in hand—which is the only thing that can help you, or any of us, in this distraught realm."

There seemed nothing for it but to follow the Captain's leading; and with a heart as heavy as lead I resigned myself to fate. As we trotted steadily forward Captain Jacobus told me the main outlines of the conspiracy against the Lord Protector then kindling throughout the



"THE OLD BRIDGE"



"STOLE A GLANCE ROUND THE CORNER"

North and West, in which the tried cavalier at my side was a principal agent.

The Earl of Rochester, it appeared, was then in London, living very private, awaiting intelligence from Sir Marmaduke Darcy, who was gathering forces in the North, and from Sir John Penruddock and Sir Joseph Wagstaff, who were the West Country leaders. Captain Jacobus had appointed to meet the two latter gentlemen that night, in order to receive their instructions, which he was straightway to carry to Rochester, who was in communication with the King. All things, in our part of the country, were prepared for an immediate rising. It only remained to fix the date, which must be done by the King, who was at that moment lying secretly upon the Flemish coast, ready to cross should occasion so require.

"That is the complexion of affairs," concluded the Captain. "Now will you join us, Mr. Langford, for good or evil fortune? And I warn you, I that have seen the beginning and sad end of more than one such hopeful enterprise, 'tis but the spin of a coin betwixt defeat and victory."

The first shock of my dire misfortune was passing, and I began to feel mighty angry and a very fervent rebel.

"Well, I am art and part with you!" I cried, and we shook hands as we rode.

So there was I, upon the eve of marriage and the leisurely, pastoral life of a country gentleman, pitchforked into I knew not what hugger-mugger of civil broils, setting my life and Barbara's happiness upon the hazard of a cast. Well, it had to be, and I must make the best of it. But I resolved that I would cut Mr. Manning's throat the next time fortune brought us to meet.

By this time, after fetching a compass, we had arrived at Wilton, an ancient hamlet about five miles west of Salisbury, where, at the sign of the Orle of Martlets (the cognisance of the Earls of Pembroke) Captain Jacobus had appointed to meet Sir John Penruddock and the gentlemen associated with him. We found the company assembled together in an upper room of the inn, the most of whom were smoking long pipes, with glasses of liquor in front of them upon the shining

oaken table. Captain Jacobus introduced me to Colonel Sir John Penruddock, a tall, dark, grave gentleman with something of a visionary look about him; and to Major-General Sir Joseph Wagstaff, a red, round, turkey-cock of a man. They bade us be seated and filled our glasses.

I remarked then, for the first time, what I often had occasion to note afterwards, how the Captain, in some unobtrusive and indefinable way, assumed precedence in whatsoever company he found himself, even among men who had the habit of command. I have since put it down to his magnificent self-confidence, a quality which sets the seal, in the world's eye, upon the charter of man's worth.

"Well, Sir John," began Captain Jacobus briskly, "what tidings for his lordship?"

"Tell the Earl of Rochester that we in Wiltshire can put a troop of two hundred horse into the field at a day's notice, and the Hampshire people as many. We are only waiting for my lord to appoint the day and the place."

"Why, very well," returned the Captain. "I will ride to-night."

A short conversation ensued in which it was arranged, amongst other matters, that I should ride with the Captain; whereat, in my consuming zeal for action, I was well content.

"No stopping of coaches'-full of fine ladies this journey, Captain!" said Sir Joseph Wagstaff with a chuckle. He was sitting at ease with his buff coat flung open and his fine lawn shirt ruffling out like plumage. "I am sorry for you, my excellent friend, but the King's interests before all!"

"Is the King not interested in ladies, then, my Joseph?" inquired the Captain.

Sir Joseph was gathering his forces for a reply when Sir John Penruddock, rising, interrupted him.

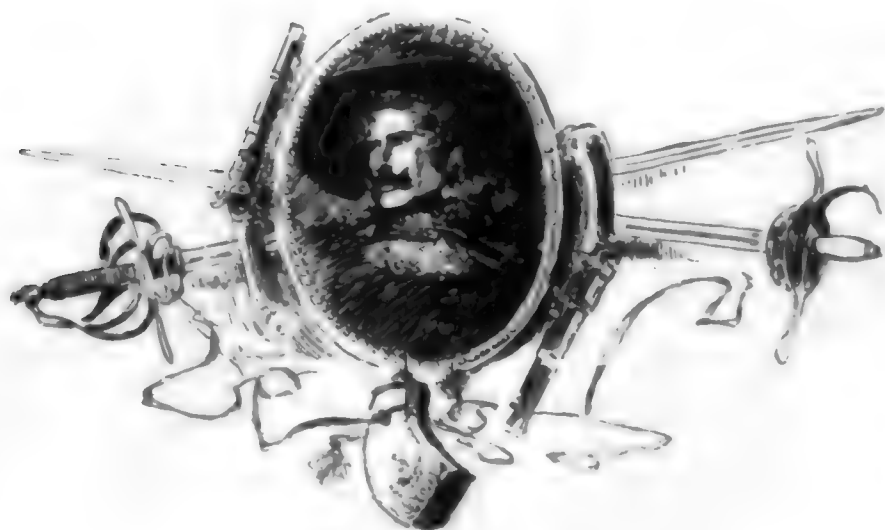
"Gentlemen," cried the Colonel, "fill your glasses. A toast before we part. Gentlemen—the King! God bless him, and may he speedily enjoy his own again!"

I have drunk the King's health many a time since then—even at his Majesty's own table—but never with such a sudden, youthful flame of loyalty as kindled within me that night. Perhaps, in later

and more peaceful days, we have declined somewhat in zeal: but I remember how in those dark and troublous times the toast went with a thrill fit to stir a man in his grave. I recall those occasions as clear as a picture: the ring of fine gentlemen with brimming glasses uplifted, a single fervent sentiment in their

faces; and I hear again the ring of the shivered glass.

The Stuarts are this and that, and when all is said I do not know that I love the line over-much; but we have always followed the King, whatsoever he might be. It is bred in the bone of us; we can do no otherwise.



YOUTH & LOVE.

To the heart of youth the world is a highwyside,
 Passing for ever, he fares; and on either hand,
 Deep in the gardens golden pavilions hide,
 Nestle in orchard bloom, and far on the level land
 Call him with lighted lamp in the eventide.



Thick as the stars at night when the moon is down,
 Pleasures assail him. He, to his nobler fate,
 Fares; and but waves a hand as he passes on,
 Cries but a wayside word to her at the garden (gate,
 Sings but a boyish stave and his face is gone.

R. L. Stevenson.



LOST YOUTH.



SING me a song of a lad that is gone,

Say could that lad be I?

Merry of soul he sailed on a day

Over the sea to Skye.

Mull was astern, Egg on the port,

Rum on the starboard bow;

Glory of youth glowed in his soul:

Where is that glory now?

Sing me a song of a lad that is gone,

Say could that lad be I?

Merry of soul he sailed on a day

Over the sea to Skye.

Give me again all that was there,

Give me the sun that shone!

Give me the eyes, give me soul,

Give me the lad that's gone!

Sing me a song of a lad that is gone,

Say, could that lad be I?

Merry of soul he sailed on a day

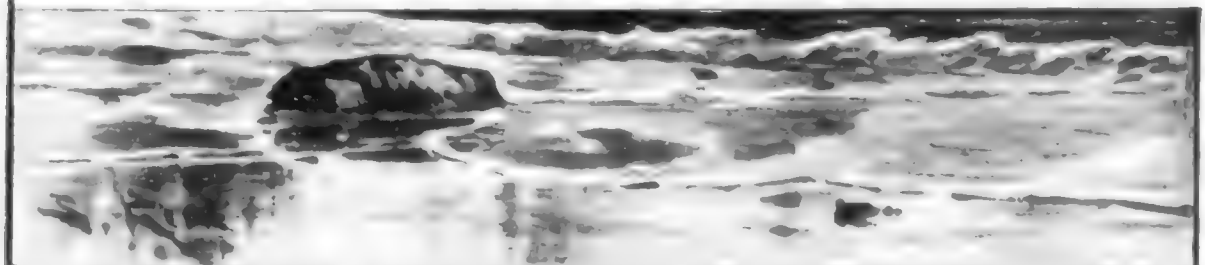
Over the sea to Skye.

Billows and breeze, islands and seas

Mountains of rain and sun,

All that was good, all that was fair,

All that was me is gone.—R. L. STEVENSON.



Novelists on their Works.

PAUL PRY is a new comer in the office of *The Ludgate*, but he is a person of considerable strength of character, and his influence upon the Editors has been strong from the moment of his entry. What else could possibly have inspired them to ask a body of hard-working literary men and women to answer a question of their setting? It was probably Paul Pry's work in part; but they

love some one of them far better than the others. He might be fond of it because he deemed it his highest achievement in literature, or because some scenes and episodes in his own life were reflected in it, or for any reason you like, including even the woman's reason: "Because I do." It might be his most popular or his least thought of book. But, at least, it would be interesting to know whether he had such a partiality for one of his books, and, if so, which of his works so pleased him beyond the others.

The question was therefore put. In some cases it was disregarded, and in others—as will presently be seen—the answer to the question was a mere refusal to disclose the secret. But there follow many letters which cannot fail to interest. In some cases the early anticipations of the Editors have been quite fulfilled: the author confesses to a preference which is not by any means the preference of his or her admirers.

It would have been pleasant to know which of his own books one of the best discussed of living novelists regards with greatest affection. Mr. Thomas Hardy has no end of admirers, and you will hardly find two to agree as to which of his books should be given the highest place. Some are

all for *Tess*, and some for *The Return of the Native*, or *Far From the Madding Crowd*. Some swear by *Two on a Tower*, and if Mr. Hardy had said—to name another of these novels—that the best of them all was *A Pair of Blue Eyes*, he would not have been the only lover of his Benjamin. Unhappily *The Ludgate* may not disclose the contents of a note which pleased them greatly until they observed

Jedd to Offt. 14th 1895

Dear Sirs

*I thank you for your kind offer, but
being so late as to accept the opportunity.*

Believe me, dear Sirs,

Very faithfully yours

H. B. Blackman

J. J. B. B. B.

J. J. B. B. B.

thought also that the answer to this question would be of peculiar interest, and so would not put all the responsibility for the step they took upon the shoulders of their interesting colleague.

In every family there is a Benjamin, and why should the novelist be otherwise towards the children of his brain than the average man to the children of his body? It seemed pretty certain that every writer who had issued books would



I have been asked by the Editor of the "Ludgate" if I have any suggestions
 sending any new books. - There - a kind of malice, by some authorities,
 we are all so suddenly and deeply attached to our own productions
 During the last 75 years, we have been so much so to them.
 for creation. Later on, when age to time has enabled us to forget
 that we are in the end and to understand ~~what~~ more completely
 what we actually produced. This perception vanishes. But I suppose
 that we always think more highly of our work than even a kind of
 pride would allow. Now I have offered to the world three kinds
 of work: that of the present-time: that of the last century
 and that of no time and no age. Of the first kind I like
 "The History of the English Language" I think it is the best of the
 second kind I like "The English and French" book - but
 women's work - because I do. Of the third kind, I like the "Re-
 view of the English Language" which was published in the autumn of 1891 -
 of which book, because of its thirteen years' long evolution in
 the subject of men's work & women's work: & of men's place and
 women's place: & of men's possibilities and women's possibilities.
 I think exactly the same in spite of all that women have done
 during this long period.

Wm. Henry Clark

Sept. 1895 -

Walter Besant.

UNDERBANK.

TORQUAY.

16th Sept 1895

Gentlemen,

In reply to your question, I do not know that I think much better — or rather less badly — of one of my books than of the rest: the truth is that I hasten to forget them all as soon as they are written and done with. But I dare say that most authors have a slight preference for the work which has given them the most trouble, and in my case that one happens to be a novel called "Thirlby Hall", which was written a good many years ago, but of which the personages remain more or less distinct to my memory. Later novels of mine have, I believe, been more popular, but for the above reason, they have not possessed quite the same personal interest for me.

Believe me

Very faithfully yours

W. S. Storks

the fatal "Private" which was written in the corner of the sheet.

Mr. George Meredith, Mrs. Humphry

Ward, Mr. Henry James, and Mr. Anthony Hope, answer that they will not talk about themselves; Mrs. Lynn Linton is particularly emphatic: "I cannot do it." Mr. Blackmore, too, has nothing to say on the subject, though, perhaps, one may be pardoned for giving further currency to a legend to the effect that the novel for which he is best known is not the author's own favourite among his literary children.

A number of the letters received are here reproduced in facsimile. The thing was worth doing if only for a single reason: that those who have heard tell of the vileness of the caligraphy of authors will here see it demonstrated in the plainest terms that authors have been slandered. Print itself were not more easy to read than these facsimiles of their handwriting.

Hereafter follow some of the letters which were not reproduced in facsimile. Mrs. Clifford's is certainly interesting, and seems, if memory is to be relied upon, to support the theories which led the Editors to start this modern inquiry:—

Storks Cottage, Tring,
Sept. 15th, 1895.

SIRS,—Perhaps I like "A Wild Proxy" (the book form) best of my long stories. It is written in high spirits, and I dislike "A Modern Correspondence" and "The Last Touches" least among my shorter

stories. But my own work never pleases me after it is printed—I wish it did.—

Yours faithfully, LUCY CLIFFORD.

Lovers of sea-tales will regret that the novelist who, above all others, has amused and delighted them, is ill, but will read what he has to say with keen interest:—

9, Sydney Place, Bath, Sept. 15th, 1895.

DEAR SIR,—I am ill in bed and must dictate this to you through the hand of my daughter, who will sign my name. The book I like best is the book that

Pirate," a story which I was much gratified to learn one of our most brilliant critics and one of our most able essayists, George Saintsbury, had read six times over.—Faithfully yours,

CLARK RUSSELL.

Mr. George Gissing sends a reply which ought to interest the young who hesitate as to whether they shall adopt the profession of letters or choose some

Sept 16/95.

GRAND HOTEL BELVEDERE.
DAVOS-PLATZ.
SWITZERLAND.

Dear Sir

In answer to your question I am personally least dissatisfied with "The White Company" and "His Stark Munro Letters" — the one as a romance, and the other as a study of some modern types

Yours faithfully

Alonan Doyle.

gave most trouble: the "Convict Ship." After that the "Death Ship" for conception, but the execution is unworthy. "The Tale of the Ten" is an original book, and I claim this as a peculiar merit, seeing how much I have written about the sea and the difficulty other authors encounter in procuring materials for novels out of it entirely. Some speak well of the "Emigrant Ship." I have a sneaking regard, however, for the "Frozen

easier calling. "New Grub Street" must have decided many to avoid the precarious wages and many snubs that the creative writer earns at the beginning, if he have not extraordinary luck. Yet of these things see what Mr. Gissing says:—

Eversley, Worple Road, Epsom,

September 19th, 1895.

GENTLEMEN,—I am sorry that absence from home has made me late in replying to your letter of the 13th.

When I come to think of the matter, it seems to me that there are two of my books which I should choose from the list as my own favourites. One is "New Grub Street," which I like because it reminds me of a time of very wholesome struggle; the other is "The Emancipated," which, its scene being in Italy, connects itself with memories of delightful rest.

Clifton Arms Hotel, Blackpool,
September 16th, 1895.

DEAR SIR,—Your letter has been forwarded here where I am winding up a holiday. My own favourite novels are "Poor Humanity" and "Anne Judge, Spinster." Compliments.—Yours ever sincerely, F. W. ROBINSON.
The Editor of *The Ludgate*.

Plas Llanrhudd,
Ruthin

September 19. 95

Dear Sir

I am much obliged to you for your kind letter of the 13th and I am glad to hear of the time. I think here I understand you very well. I have been this last fortnight I prefer of my books the following I am sure of the Real Roke

I am, Sir,

Faithfully,

Stanley Weyman

The Editor

Black & White

I shall be glad if this reply to your enquiry will answer the end you have in view. — I am, Gentlemen, faithfully yours,
GEORGE GISSING.

Mr. F. W. Robinson, the veteran novelist, and the early friend and helper of many literary men who have since become famous, writes:—

Here is the answer of Mrs. Craigie, John Oliver Hobbes:—

56, Lancaster Gate, W.,

September 29th, 1895.

DEAR SIR,—In reply to your letter of the 13th of September asking which of my books I like best, I can but reply that I like them all! My last book—

"The Gods, Some Mortals and Lord Wickenham"—may contain the best work, but I find it rather painful reading.—I am, dear Sir, yours very truly,

PEARL MARY CRAIGIE.

The Editor of *The Ludgate*.

Mrs. Stannard—whom all the world knows as John Strange Winter—is kinder than she intends to be:—

Montague House, Birchington Bay, Kent,
September 14th, 1895.

GENTLEMEN,—Mrs. Stannard asks me to thank you for your letter of the

13th, and to beg you to excuse her from sending you any contribution on *that* topic. If there is one thing more distasteful to her than another, it is speaking of or discussing her own works, and I think nothing could induce her to deliberately write about them. She has her preferences, of course—the story in hand is always her favourite—and when it is finished "My Poor Dick" always takes precedence.—I am, gentlemen, yours faithfully,

ARTHUR STANNARD.

14th Sept 1895

16 Buckingham Street
Strand

Dear Sir

Thanks for your letter of yesterday. I'm afraid I can't undertake to do what you suggest. Speaking for myself only and not wishing to lay down rules for others, I had rather leave the discussion of my books to other people; I don't think I could say anything of value about them.

Regretting that I cannot oblige you, I am, dear Sir,

Yours very faithfully
Anthony Hope Hawkins

The Editors of Black & White.

A most delightful writer is Mr. Richard Pryce, whose books are so diverse that you could excuse him if he were to declare that each of his books at one time or another was his favourite. Even he, however, has his Benjamin:—

should say the last, whatever it might be.—I am, yours faithfully,

RICHARD PRYCE.

Mrs. Maxwell—better known to readers of fiction as Miss Braddon—writes as follows:—

“The Editor of *The Ludgate* asks me which is my favourite among my own novels. I can reply without hesitation, the story which is yet unwritten. *That* is the Author's ideal novel; that is the one perfect book which lures him to his desk day after day, and which is infinitely to excel any of his past work. The story “hanging in the stars,” meditated in long, lonely rides, in rambles on hill-side and in forest, slowly, thoughtfully built up in the author's mind, seems, alas, altogether different from the story pinned down in paper and print. How much of that dream-story has vanished before half the book is written. How much of that filmy fabric of thought and fancy has evaporated into thin

BANK HOUSE,
PENICUICK,
MIDLOTHIAN.

Sep 16 1895

Dear Black & White *Ludgate*,
my favourite among
my books is always
the ~~best~~ one I am
going to write next.

I have at present
several favourites but
they are not published
yet — or even begun
I like them best
that way.

Yours faithfully
S. A. GROCKE

Grosvenor Club, Bond Street, W.

September 17th, 1895.

DEAR SIR,—In answer to your question as to which of my books I myself prefer, I think (for what this is worth) “Time and the Woman.” But if you were to ask me further which of them I should prefer other people to like best, I

air. The scenes that glowed with passion, as the author improvised, mutely, in his lonely walk, flag and lag and wax dull during the rude drudgery of pen and ink. That ideal novel is of course the favourite with every novelist, and will be so till the pen lies across the unfinished book,

like Balzac's marble pen at Père la Chaise.

I can name no favourite among existing novels of mine. The final revise once despatched to the printer, the work fixed in inexorable stereotype, I never go back to it. I can only name a few of the stories that ran most easily off my pen, wove themselves most pleasantly in my brain, and of which I have least repented when they were written.

Among these I recall "Vixen," "The Venetians," "Asphodel," "The Christmas Hirelings,"—a little story written beside the fire in the long autumn evenings—"Mohawks," and "Ishmael," these two last involving more work than I have ever given to any novel except my novel of the Restoration Epoch, now appearing in the *St. James's Budget*.

MARY MAXWELL.

Mr. Robert Barr answers the question in a spirit that can only be described as flippant. Incidentally, however, he confirms the worst things which have been said lately concerning the awful mercenariness of the literary men who do not limit their output to essays, poems, and reviews, but positively write fiction:—

September 28th, 1895.

The book of mine which I like best is the one that has done most good to the greatest number of people. Every page has been carefully written with the intention of making that page prized. I have endeavoured to hand down my name to posterity on every leaf, yet each new

edition of this volume leaves me the poorer. The title is "My Cheque Book" and it is published by the London and County Banking Company.—Ever yours,
ROBERT BARR.

Editor, *Ludgate*.

For simple pathos, how could you beat this?—

24, Oxford Road, Kilburn, N.W.

September 26th, 1895.

DEAR SIR,—Once my books are published they cease to interest me.—Yours faithfully,

I. ZANGWILL.

The Editor, *Black and White*.

For perspicuity and clear-sightedness how equal this?—

Ealing, September, 1895.

DEAR SIR,—No! I perceive that you are of those who would play upon the notorious love a parent bears his offspring, and so achieve a precious "Comedy of Letters" and make men and women who have won hard-earned reputations for intelligence appear ridiculous. Leave us alone to play the fool at our own firesides before admiring audiences, fortified with our whisky and cigars. Candidly—and now I speak for myself alone—I will prophesy (or if that is too irresponsible will bet a shilling) that there lives not a soul on this earth who cares half a groat which of my own novels I like the best. Why should they care? Do you? You know you don't.—Yours heartily,

EDEN PHILLPOTTS.



THE WIFE'S GUEST.

ONE of the most delightful features of the little club in a quiet street off the Strand, to which I belonged a few years ago, was that every member knew practically all his fellows, so that he could not go there at any hour of the day without finding companionship of some sort or another. It somehow happened, nevertheless, that I was a considerable time in making the acquaintance of Mr. Smurthwaite: a fact which was all the more remarkable inasmuch as he had attracted me from the first. His age might have been anything between forty-five and sixty; his hair was very nearly white, his face clean-shaven and a very type of the lawyer's. His eyes were singularly alert and bright: it was they which chiefly attracted me—they and the briskness and youthfulness of his answers to casual remarks one heard addressed to him in the smoking-room. Of course I might have had an introduction to him at any time; but that course was too formal alike for the customs of the club and my own personal preferences. I waited until chance should bring about my desire, and in the end chance favoured me. There came a time when there were three in the card-room who desired whist and hated dummy. I was called out of the smoking-room, and five minutes later found myself seated at a table as Smurthwaite's partner.

He was good enough, I remember, to find my play to his taste; and the expression of approval which would have seemed unnecessary, at least, from most men, pleased me curiously. I met him at the club frequently after that, and our acquaintance progressed as such things do in clubs. That is, each knew the other's taste in drink, tobacco, books, politics, and the rest, but beyond that knew nothing at all. I should have been surprised, I suppose, had I discovered that Smurthwaite possessed a wife and family, but I certainly could have given no definite reason for my surprise.

Presently, however, things progressed a little further. The club was rather empty and not a little desolate one foggy November evening. "I believe my chambers would be a little more cheerful," said Smurthwaite. "Shall we dine together and go round there? I've some books you might like to see."

No proposal could have been more to my liking. I accepted the invitation very willingly, and after a quiet dinner we moved along to his chambers in the Temple. They were in the oldest and most secluded part of the Inn, and had a delightful air of comfort. The evening passed all too quickly. I think it was not that night that he began to tell me some of the strange stories he had known while they were being enacted; but it must have been soon after, for my recollections of Smurthwaite's cham-

bers are bound up with my recollections of his stories. With the names altered — though it were needless to say that he never told me what they were in the originals—I propose to repeat some of these tales.

"It was just such a day as this has been," he said one snowy evening, leaning back in his chair and regarding the ash of his cigar critically, "that I chanced on the beginning of the story of the Double Marriage. Snow had fallen. I was managing clerk to a firm of solicitors, whose offices were in a quiet street close to the centre of things, but only used for foot-traffic; and for some reason or other had been late at the office. It was only a day after Christmas, and I should not have been working at all had there not been a great press of business.

"I came out into the street and, struck with the silence of everything, was standing on the pavement for a moment when a woman suddenly came up to me and spoke abruptly.

"Can you recommend me to an honest lawyer anywhere about here?" she asked.

"It happened that I had leave to practice on my own account; but it was late, and I had no particular desire to take advantage of the obvious opportunity.

"There are lawyers of all sorts and conditions hereabouts," I said; "but it is very late, and you will have difficulty in finding one."

"But I must find one," she said. "I have business which must be done to-night." Then, catching sight of the plate on the door behind me, "You are a lawyer yourself."

"Yes," I said, "but——"

"At that moment a man, who had been standing unseen in the shadow, crossed the narrow street.

"If you will return to your office with us, sir," he said, "I think our business will not take you long."

"Very well, then," I answered unwillingly. "But it certainly must not take long; I haven't the time."

"I unlocked the door, and we entered the office. The woman, who did not raise her veil, left it to her companion to explain what was wanted. This was nothing less than that I should prepare a deed of separation for them.

"But it cannot possibly be done to-night," I exclaimed.

"It must," said the man.

"Yes," echoed the woman, "it had better be done at once."

"I argued for awhile. Finally I agreed that if they would give me the terms of the document I would have it ready for signature early the next morning.

"When it became a question of terms,



"IT WAS JUST SUCH A DAY AS THIS HAS BEEN"

matters, seemed likely to move less smoothly.

"Two hundred and fifty pounds a year," said the husband.

"Make it three hundred, George," said the wife. "I can't manage on less."

"No," said the man, "I can't say more."

"Suddenly the woman went down on her knees to him. 'Make it three hundred,' she said. 'I can't live and educate the children on a smaller amount.'

"The thing which had amazed me from the beginning was that these two, who by all the rules of the game should have been barely on speaking terms with one another, were apparently quite good friends. The money difference ought to have changed all that, and for a moment I expected a scene. But nothing of the kind happened. The woman knelt and proffered her request, very earnestly, it

is true, but in tones rather more like those in which you would have expected her to ask for a new bonnet from an indulgent husband, than the irate tones in which she should have demanded an increase of alimony from a husband with whom she found it impossible to live any longer.

"'Make it three hundred, George,' she said, and in the end the man yielded, doubtless because he also had some fear of a scene ensuing if he should continue to refuse her request. As lawyers do, I took down the names of the parties and the heads of the agreement.

"It was arranged finally that I should be the trustee under the separation deed, and as such should receive on the first of the month a cheque from Mr. Valentine, the man, pay it into my account, and then send my own cheque for the amount to Mrs. Valentine, at an address somewhere in the North. On no account was I to write to Mr. Valentine; but the injunction was presently modified to the extent that if I

day, and at two in the afternoon the couple called and executed the deed. For about six months everything went well. The cheques came in regularly on the first of each month, and were duly honoured. I sent my private cheque to Mrs. Valentine, and duly received her receipt for the amount.

"When the seventh cheque became due there was a break in this serene flow of events: the money did not arrive. I waited for some days. Then I began to feel uneasy and to expect an angry letter from Mrs. Valentine. That also failed to arrive, but in the end I judged that this was an occasion making it quite essential that I should communicate with Mr. Valentine. I therefore wrote to him at Ealing and received no answer. By this time it was the tenth of the month, and I could not for the life of me understand the wonderful patience of Mrs. Valentine."

Smurthwaite paused and filled his glass again.

"Was there nothing further?" I asked.

"Wait a moment," he said. "I have told you that the morning of the tenth brought no answer to my letter to Ealing. Later in the day, however, I was told that a lady wanted to see me, and that she had refused to give her name. Her business, she had said, was of the utmost importance: which, of course, might or might not be true. I was very busy, and hesitated for a moment about seeing her. Finally, however, I changed my mind and told the clerk to show her up.

"Now my stories are all true, and I know quite well that what I am going to say of my visitor would be altogether hackneyed in fiction. Still, I am bound to say that she was the loveliest woman I have ever seen. Some of the queens who have been famous for their loveliness, at first in history, and afterwards for ever in song and romance, may have been like her; but she had also a look of trouble, which made one want to assist her to a degree which I found uncomfortable.

"'I haven't your name,' I said. 'But, perhaps, you will tell me what I can do for you?'

"'I want you to answer a question,' she replied.

"'Madame,' I answered, 'that is the one thing that I am not likely to be able to do.'



"CAN YOU RECOMMEND ME TO AN HONEST LAWYER?"

deemed it absolutely essential I might communicate with him at an address at Ealing.

"The document was ready the next

"She simply took no note of the warning. 'Did you on such and such a day in December last receive a visit from a man and woman, and make out a deed of separation for them?' She asked the question in the pleasantest voice I have ever heard, and looked at me beseechingly.

"'It is a rule of the profession,' I said, 'never to discuss the business of a client with those whom it does not concern. I can answer no question until I know the grounds on which you ask it. If you will tell me your name and your rights——'

"'No,' she rejoined quickly. 'I will tell you my wrongs! I am the wife of Mr. George Valentine, to whom you addressed a letter on Monday at his house at Ealing. The letter has not been answered.'

"I admit I was startled. My visitor was certainly not the sort of person whose word you would be likely to doubt, yet the memory of that first scene in December made me cautious, since it showed that there was another claimant to the name she gave herself. 'You had better tell me everything,' I said.

"Mrs. Valentine hesitated a little while. Then she began her story.

"'Five years ago,' she said, 'I was married to the kindest husband ever woman knew, George Valentine, to whom you wrote on Monday. We went to live at Ealing, at the address you know, and for more than four years all went well. There was only one drawback to my happiness: my husband's occupation was such that he had to be frequently away from home. As a matter of fact he spent about half his time at a Northern seaport, and the rest in London, where he also had offices. There might have been a pleasanter arrangement—for he was the kindest of husbands—but other women have to suffer in the same ways because of the nature of their husband's calling, and, being happy otherwise, I made shift to be content.

"'I try to remember some change in him, but there was never any change. I had every reason to believe myself fortunate in my marriage up to the time of the birth of my third child. I was very ill at the time, and it was weeks before I could leave my room. However, I presently grew better, and at last, on Christmas day, the doctor let me join

my family at dinner. That was the last of my good days. My husband was at home, as fond and affectionate as ever, and it was good to see something of the children.

"'Presently there was a ring at the door-bell, and while I was still wondering who the visitor could be—for we knew very few people in the neighbourhood—the servant entered with a white face to say that there was a woman lying apparently unconscious on the doorstep. My husband was in another part of the house at the time.

"'In a minute I had brought her in and laid her on the sofa which I had been occupying. We gave her stimulants, and gradually she seemed to come back to consciousness. There were two little children—pretty children—with her, and they, too, were wet and cold with the snow which had been falling rather heavily. All three were well and comfortably dressed, however, and their condition struck me as a little mysterious.

"'The woman uttered hardly a word. Certainly she said nothing which could explain her being in such a wretched plight, or her choice of this particular house as a place at which to seek assistance. However, while a servant saw to the needs of the children, giving them dry clothes and a warm drink, I took the mother and placed my wardrobe at her disposal, taking her own clothes to be dried. My husband entered presently, having heard nothing of the visitor, and he was evidently amazed to see her there. I did not wonder, but a few words of explanation sufficed to enlighten him.

"'Then we all sat down to dinner. The stranger still talked but little, and the children seemed very shy and frightened. Looking back, I cannot understand how it was that I received her so willingly under the circumstances. I suppose it was because I was so happy. I had recovered from my illness, was downstairs once more among my children and my household treasures, and I had my husband at home with me. It only needed a very slight appeal to secure my pity for a woman who seemed to have been less fortunate. Then—I had thought that my illness might prove fatal; and the remembrance of the hours spent with that thought made me pity her children.



"SOME OF THE QUEENS . . . MAY HAVE BEEN LIKE HER"

"So I did all that I could possibly do for her and them without the least suspicion of what I should presently discover. My husband, too, did his best, and backed me up in my efforts to secure their comfort.

"Finally, when the twilight was come, our visitor said that she must catch the train back to London. All this time she had said nothing as to the purpose of her visit to Ealing, but I helped her to prepare for departure without questioning her. When she was ready and stood in the hall with her children my husband said that he would show her the way to the station. She begged him not to trouble, but he insisted—as a man would naturally insist under the circumstances—and finally had his way.

"The door closed behind them, and I heard that they began to speak as soon as it was shut. A flood of wild suspicions come upon me: indeed, they were rather a conviction that in some way this woman was my enemy. Now, too, my husband's amazement when first he saw the woman seemed too great to be accounted for as simple surprise at the presence of such a visitor. Weak and ill as I was I resolved to follow them to the station.

"The snow had been falling again, and still was falling. I traced their footsteps and soon came in sight of them. They were not walking as people walk who have a train to catch, and the way they had chosen did not lead to the station. I could see they were engaged in eager conversation, but, of course, could gather no hint of what they were discussing. I followed a long time, ready to fall with fatigue and illness at every step. Then at last, after much wandering, they made for the station, and I returned to my home.

"The hours that followed were terrible. I waited and waited, and still my husband did not come. It was after ten when I heard the sound of his latchkey, and rose to face him. As he entered I demanded to know who the other woman was, and why she had come to our house that day. He told me, brutally and defiantly, that for a time she had thought

herself his wife in the northern town to which his business took him. She had learnt the truth, and her visit was for the purpose of making certain. . . . Now, will you tell me if it is true, as I suspect, that on the day following my husband called with the other woman to arrange for a separation?"

"I could no longer fence with the distressed lady. Her tale was obviously true, and in that case she had the right to know whatever I could tell her. At any rate, I told her.

"Yes,' I said, 'they called late on the day after Christmas and wanted to have the deed made out at once. In the end they returned to sign it on the following morning. Until the present month I have received a monthly cheque from Mr. Valentine and sent the amount on to Mrs.—to the woman in the North.'



"I FOLLOWED A LONG TIME"

"But this month?' she cried.

"This month the money has not arrived.'

"And although it is ten days overdue you have had no word of complaint from that woman?"

"Not a word,' I said. 'I own I am greatly puzzled. If it had not been that I expected to hear from her I should have followed my instructions from Mr. Valentine, which were that I was never to communicate with him except in case of such communication becoming absolutely necessary.'

"My visitor's distress was painful to witness.

"Then he has gone back to her!' she cried. 'He has gone back to her finally. It is certain that in any other event she would have been writing you long before this.'

"I'm afraid there is only too good ground for your belief,' I said. 'It is

the only natural inference from the facts: especially if your husband has been long absent from Ealing.'

"'He has not been at home for three weeks,' she said. 'Yes, he has gone back to her.'

"That was all she could say or think of, and I on my side had no suggestion to make which could be expected to lead to the restoration of her happiness. I wanted, but did not deem it wise, to say that she was extremely well rid of a blackguard.

"'I must go now,' she said, at last, speaking in a broken voice. 'I must thank you for your kindness, and if ever I need advice I trust you will let me come to you.'

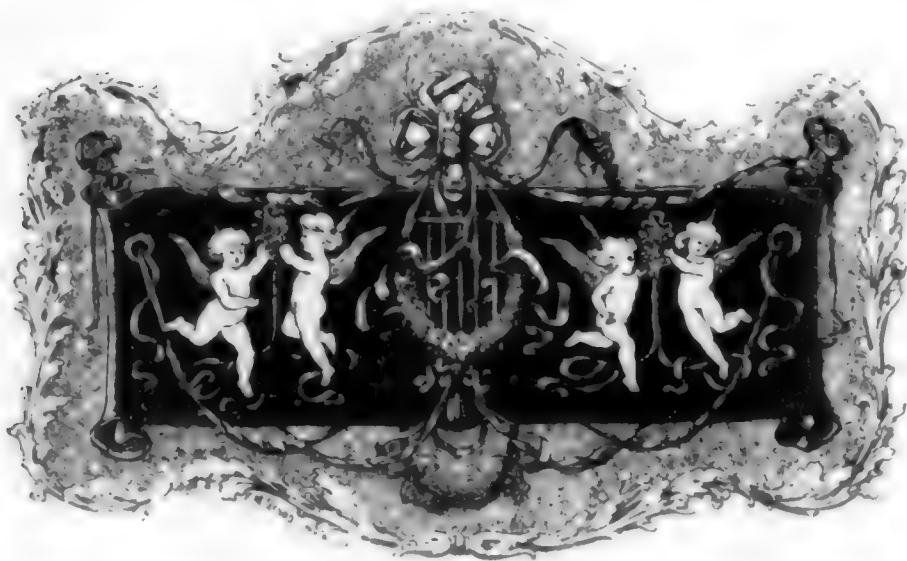
"'There is no need of thanks,' I said, 'and, as to advice, I shall be greatly

honoured if you will come to me when you stand in any need of it.' And thereupon she left the room and was gone."

Once again Smurthwaite paused. "Well," I asked, "what was the end of it all? Had he gone back to the other woman?"

"Imagine the folly of the man who asks for an end to a story which has happened," said Smurthwaite, with scornful emphasis. "That is the end of the thing. From that day forth I never saw or heard anything of any of the three who played parts in the drama. My story ends at the shutting of the door behind Mrs. Valentine."

He was absolutely uninterested in my suggestions as to how the story might have developed from that point onward.



The Penny Theatre.

By LEONARD CROSSKEY.



A GENERAL INVITATION

finally, the poor man may get his theatre at a penny. Nor does he suffer in the way suggested by the old legend "Penny plain and twopence coloured." The stuff he gets for his coppers is about as glaringly high-coloured as a thing may be. There is a distinctly moral air about these theatres of the people. You may, indeed, be induced to enter by means of a flaring placard, and a sensational title: the entertainment business is not remarkably flourishing, and it is necessary to collect an audience somehow or other. But, once you have entered, you shall see nothing which can produce ill effects upon the most delicate of moral susceptibilities. Crime you are, indeed, shown, but in such a light that emulation is the last thing you would dream of. Rather are you worked into a state of healthy indignation, and moved

WHATEVER may be said by those who know it not, London is surely the place of all others where it is most convenient to live. This is admittedly true of the well-to-do-classes, but it is probably still more true in the case of the poor. For there is no luxury of the rich which the comparatively poor cannot enjoy in some form or another. Beef and mutton—unheard of luxuries in the country—can be had in all the most crowded centres at prices ridiculously low. In most of them the energetic butcher might paraphrase the words used by the publishers of a well-known series of cheap books, and offer "a joint of meat for the price of a pint of beer." Fruit and vegetables are cheaper still, and,



A MELANCHOLY OLD LADY

to lavish on the villain that execration which is (to stage villains) the sincerest form of flattery.

But to have talked of what happens inside before having described the process of entering is to anticipate considerably. The theatre of the people gives many shows a night, so that, maybe, when you reach it you are kept waiting on the pavement, lest by entering in the middle of an entrancing scene you should disturb the audience and break the spell which holds it now and should attract it back again on other occasions. A wait on the pavement is a fixed part of the entertainment. When you are beginning to lose interest in that occupation the audience begins to surge out. Now is the proprietor's opportunity to convince you that his show is no fraud. He stands at the doorway as his patrons file out, and loudly asks them to express their opinions on what they have seen.



LEASE



A VETERAN SHOWMAN

You cannot but remark how admirably he adjusts his speech to the persons whom he addresses, and you will note that his "Mother" is the exact equivalent of the West-end shop-walker's most obsequious "Madam." The last audience out you enter, paying your money to the proprietor, if he be not engaged in inviting the general public to enter, and in assuring them (a trifle daringly) that they will not be kept waiting when they have entered. In this last event you hand your penny to a melancholy looking old lady in seedy black, who receives it apathetically. Then you pass on into the theatre and scrutinise your companions.

The penny is a democratic coin, and democratic is the penny audience. Many of the ladies will most certainly be



A THRILLING SCENE

without hats and in white aprons. Even if they wear hats decorated with huge feathers you will find their spirits as high as is the pitch of their laughter, while their language is—more or less remotely—that of the common folk in Shake-

spere. It has, at least, the same energy and the same freedom from restraint. Then there are the men: some of them fit mates for the girls described, while some watch everything with an evident desire to make it evident that they have



ONE OF THE AUDIENCE

only come hither from just the same sort of curiosity that has brought you, and that they generally patronise the gallery of some regular south-side theatre. There is also, invariably, the man whose wife has insisted on his bringing her in and does not now like the company. A few stray children make up the audience which you have very thoroughly inspected long before the play begins. An orchestra is not

a common feature in these theatres. In some, however, a couple of spasmodic minstrels play the part and make the rising of the curtain a relief. Usually there is a meaningless bustle behind the curtain, and then it rises with a certain difficulty and the show begins.

Pennyworths vary in goodness, even as apples in size. In some you are given nothing but one condensed melodrama. The condensation is a concentration as well as a curtailment. That is to say, the villain is such a villain as never trod the boards in any theatre of greater pretensions: the low comedian a fellow of such infinite and even violent humour as even the music-halls could hardly produce. The proprietor leans against the walls of his theatre (which, perhaps, has been a shoe-maker's shop) and watches with the apathy of a man to whom the thing is not new. But the audience watches with intense excitement, now applauding, now groaning, now guffawing. Everyone is, so to speak, in the front row of the stalls, and the stage is so low that the reality of the performances passes words. The discoverer of the "Pepper's Ghost" illusion is a man to whom the patrons of these theatres owe an enormous debt

of gratitude, which they would doubtless be glad to pay—in words—if they could meet him face to face. For there is nothing goes so well with such an audience as something with angels in it. Of course, the ghost is just as easily managed as the angel, and is, it must be admitted, only less popular and effective. "The Corsican Brothers" is as good an example of the sort of play that goes down well as can be found, and it must be admitted that the theatre which gives it in fifteen minutes, for the small charge of one penny has the right to expect that its patrons should be a little more than satisfied. The present writer has on more than one occasion visited several shows of this kind in a single evening, but is there not a terrible story to be written (for a Tract Society) concerning a boy who had sixpence and a passion for the drama, and went and witnessed half-a-dozen of these condensed and thrilling plays in one short evening?

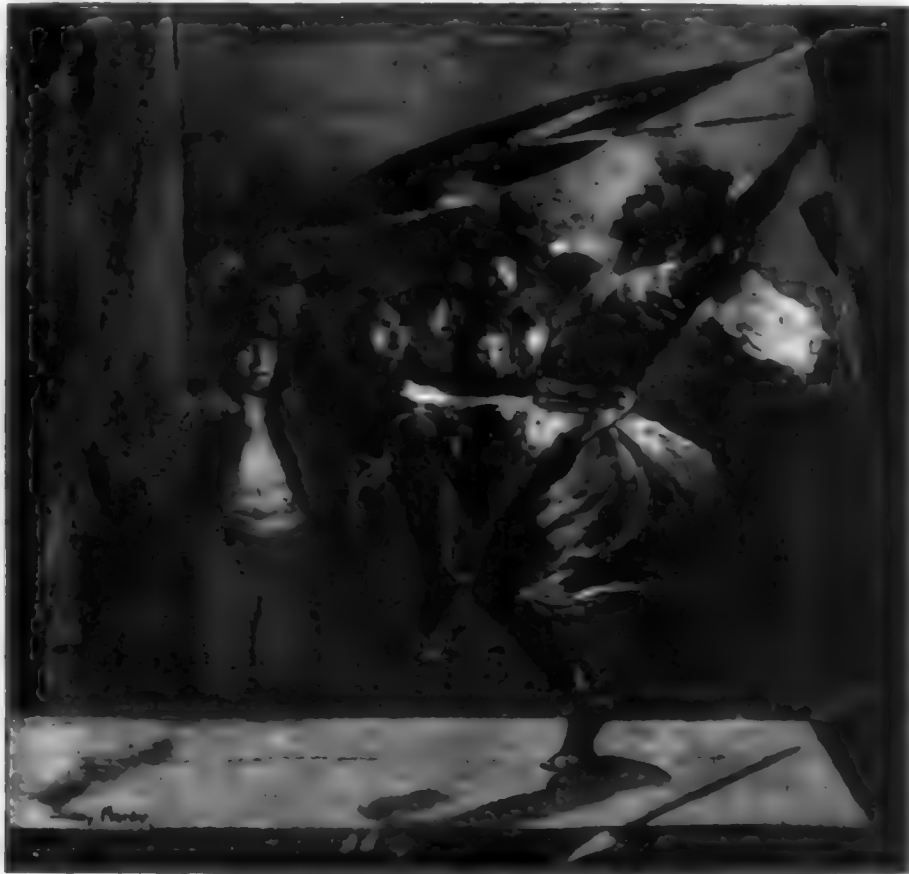
The theatre and the music-hall, when both are at a penny, are not so far apart as the stars of the legitimate drama would fain have us believe. They sometimes get blended, and even mixed with certain features of the waxworks show. Even the penny-in-the-slot things which used to amuse children—and seem to do so in this later generation—at the Crystal Palace, are also to be found as adjuncts of the drama. While you wait for the play, perhaps, you can grow rapturous over a "Sleeping Beauty," or smile with gentle amusement over the domesticated humour of a child who has spilt her porridge in the surprise occasioned by the sudden apparition



A CRITIC

tion of a frog. When the curtain has fallen, and the comic man has squelched the villain, you find it a relief to watch the antics of some dusky savage (probably a stray from some great show, or a wanderer from the neighbourhood

red-hot iron, or dancing in the flames of a little methylated spirit spilt upon the floor, or giving you a grotesque and horrible imitation of the noise made by a railway train, or by an angry bull-dog. There is even dancing of a sort: both



"A STRAY FROM SOME BIG SHOW"

of the Docks) who unites to the impressiveness of a royal title an activity in the performance of uncouth antics which would put the average knock-about artist of the halls to shame. He is equally happy whether he be licking

the skirt-dance and the serpentine may be seen as parts of a penny entertainment. And you need not despair of seeing society comedies and problem plays in the New Cut or Bermondsey. They are bound to come in time.





I SHOULD count it a shame to intrude myself where my presence is not wanted, yet here, in *The Ludgate*, I dare to believe that I shall be not altogether unwelcome. For the world is very full of people who have much to tell, and many of the best informed never tell their tales unless they chance to meet such an one as myself, who have made it a business to learn whatever is to be learned of new and strange as I go to and fro about the world. For myself, I am interested in everything: in the customs of every trade, however insignificant it may be, and in the secrets of every profession, however little it may be thought of by the world at large. Fools talk of the inquisitive man as one to be condemned. Personally, I love the epithet when it is hurled at me; and I am proud to admit that if something new were told in a whisper by the bed where I lay fast asleep I should surely wake up and hear what was said.

IMPORTER OF TURTLES.

How many of the good people who will take turtle soup with the Lord Mayor this November will know how that soup comes before them? Without admitting that I expect an invitation to the banquet, I nevertheless felt sufficiently curious about the topic to go and see Mr. T. K. Bellis, of Jeffrey's Square, E.C.

"You import turtles, I believe, Mr. Bellis?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied; "but please don't tell the Anti-Gambling Society, or they might look me up."

"Why?"

"Because backing horses or opening big mining accounts is quite gentle speculation in comparison with the turtle

trade. It is just all the gambling a man wants in life, my trade."

"Tell me about it right from the start."

"Well you must know that my agents in the West Indies contract with the fishermen of the Cayman's Reefs for all the turtles they catch, say during the next twelve months. The fishermen go out with their schooners and their nets, bring their catches to Kingston, Jamaica, and discharge them into the crawl, which is a place arranged on the beach, with the tidal water running through it. Now the larger ones, say over 200 lbs., are no good for the English market. They are much too coarse. So these big ones are slaughtered, and the red meat, which is like beef or veal, is sold to the niggers, at 3d. or 4d. per pound, the calipee and the calipash, if good enough, being sent home, sundried. The turtles under 200 lbs, or thereabouts, are sent home to me per Royal Mail steamer every fortnight, about 120 in each consignment. Then comes the element of chance. Sometimes 30 per cent. of them die in transit, and have to be thrown overboard! This is especially so in frosty weather. Turtles are difficult to kill in the ordinary way, but in anything under 40 degrees temperature, they go off like blowing out candles."

"The danger is over when they get to Southampton, I suppose?"

"Oh, is it indeed. I throw sovereigns about like nutshells to get the railway men to help me, on a frosty night, for the train is often the most dangerous part of the journey. Twice have I lost seventy turtles between Southampton and Waterloo, and at £5 apiece, perhaps, you can see what I mean by calling it a gamble."

"But you always know you will get your price all right for the survivors?"

"Not necessarily. Certainly in the ordinary way I am strong enough to make my own market, and to command 8d. to 10d. per lb. Last year, when the market was very short, I got 1s. 9d. and 2s. per lb. But, perhaps, the bottom is knocked out of the market in this way. Somebody thinks he will have a speculation in turtle, not knowing what he is doing; or somebody out in the West Indies sends a consignment to a man who is not ready for them. That man has no tanks such as I have to keep them in. He can't let them run about his office or his cellar. He has to sell them at any price he can get, and then how do I get rid of my lot?"

"But you make a good thing out of the trade, all the same?"

"Last year I made a little, but the previous year I lost £600. There's nothing much to be got out of importing live turtles, but it keeps me supplied with the dried turtle and that is my leading article!"

"The supply of live turtle is much more regular than it used to be?"

"Oh, yes. The supply is altogether changed. In my earlier days, before steamers were put on to the West Indies, we used to get all our West India produce in sailing vessels of from 300 to 500 tons, and the skippers then used to speculate in turtle at their own risk. We never knew what a skipper would bring, and we used to wait anxiously down at the docks, in a great funk about getting what we wanted. I have known skippers to sell their whole cargo of turtle at 2s. 6d. per lb."

"And is the English demand growing?"

"At special seasons, such as influenza times, there is a lively demand, for although I don't know what the properties are, there is something very vitalising and stimulating in turtle soup."

"Perhaps that's why they serve it at the Guildhall banquets—to keep guests awake through the speeches?"

"Into such recondite researches about the subject I am afraid I have never penetrated."

MAKER OF TURTLE SOUP.

I next became curious concerning the making of turtle soup, and called upon Mr. Alfred Salmon, of Messrs. J. Lyons and Co., who provided the soup and the rest of the fare for Lord Mayor Renals's banquet last year. With Mr. Salmon throughout the interview was Mr. John Lusty, of Limehouse, the importer of most of the turtles this firm require. Both gentlemen rather suspected that I

wanted to learn their trade secrets, in order to start in opposition to them, until the course of conversation revealed that (without my notes of Mr. Bellis's information to refer to) I knew as much about turtles as about the antediluvian fauna.

"Well, then," said Mr. Salmon, "you take the best West Indies green turtle; you

hook him up by the hinder fins, so that his head drops out, and you cut his throat. He keeps his blood until you wind him under the fin, and even when you cut him up into parts, with his head in one place and various parts of his body elsewhere, he doesn't lose his vitality apparently. I myself, certainly half-an-hour after a head has been cut off, have touched that head and seen the mouth open quite widely. You can't get foreigners to kill them: they seem frightened of them. English cooks are the only ones, and they are by far the best at making turtle soup."

"Which part is the calipee?"

"The belly is the calipee and the back the calipash. From underneath the

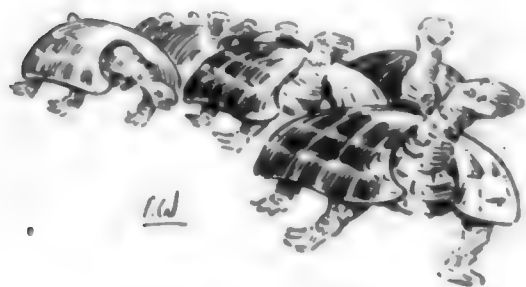


"MY GOLLY!"

calipee we cut off the white meat, the turtle steaks. To make your stock you first of all take the calipee, the calipash and the fins, which are very glutinous. Then comes the blanching, or dipping into boiling water, in order to get the fish's scales off, just as you scald a pig to get his hair off. You wash him, put him into your copper or stock-pot, and partly cook him to get the meat away from the bones. Putting the meat on one side for the time you boil his bones further in your stock-pot, and then the next morning you clarify the stock with the white meat I previously spoke of from under the calipee. Next you take your calipee, calipash and fins; dress them and clean them, cut them up, and boil them in your clear soup to give it strength and stiffening."

"What about seasonings?"

"Before this you have put in some



THE TURTLE HANDICA?

onion, and now you add green basil, marjorum, common thyme, allspice, old peppers, mace, salt, a good bunch of parsley, and a few shalots. You boil it, skim it, add Madeira wine and lemon, but you will cloud your soup if you add the lemon before the boiling. Then you cut your meat up in the sizes you like—they like it cut large in the City—and there's your clear turtle soup. With the clear soup is served turtle green fat in a bowl and Madeira to add to the soup."

"And is thick turtle made similarly?"

"Yes, except that you add it to the rue, consisting of flour and butter. Of course, this is a very elementary description of the great art and mystery of making turtle soup."

"You have said nothing about the proportions of those seasonings."

"That's where the great judgment comes in. All turtles differ more or less in flavour, and it is in the use of these seasonings, purely guided by his own discretion, that the great cook gets his

opportunity of proving his prowess. The management of these herbs is one of the secrets of the thing."

EATER OF TURTLE SOUP.

"Have you ever eaten turtle soup?" I asked, as I entered the shop of Mr. Robert Hancock, the Fleet Street chemist.

Mr. Hancock obviously mistook me for a patient in want of some of his nasty drugs. "Thousands of times," he answered; "but it isn't the turtle soup that has upset you. That can't hurt you. It's the drink you took with it."

"Thousands of times, you said; but that's absurd."

"Well, to be literally accurate, at least a hundred times. I have been to certainly a score of Lord Mayor's banquets at the Guildhall, to sixty Livery Companies' dinners, and to another score of turtle dinners at places like the 'Ship and Turtle' in Leadenhall Street, where they used to have in their window a huge live turtle pathetically labelled 'soup to-morrow.'"

As he spoke the cheerful apothecary began getting down various bottles in order to mix me the pick-me-up he imagined I had come for. I did not mean to take it, but let him go on while he talked.

"Turtle soup," he proceeded, "is the only thing I have ever seen make peers, prelates, and people alike forgetful of the ordinary impulses of etiquette. Almost everybody at the 9th of November banquets has his two or even three helpings of turtle soup. I have even seen a Cabinet Minister anxiously looking for the waiter in order to get his third basin. And, mind you, that only showed his judgment and his experience of these affairs. Everyone who knows what a Lord Mayor's banquet is does much the same. The rest of the affair is not of much account, and most of it is cold fare. At the Livery Companies' dinners it's a different matter. There one hesitates to partake of more than the orthodox single plate, for the remainder of the dinner is sure to be a very elaborate affair. Indeed, turtle soup is not always served at the Livery dinners. Sometimes they are turtle dinners, and sometimes venison dinners; never both."

"Is turtle an acquired taste, do you think?"

"Well, they say it is, just like tomatoes, but I don't recollect the time when I had to make any effort to enjoy mine."

"How did turtle come to be worshipped so much in the City?"

"I really don't know that it is worshipped. I once heard it cursed very emphatically, I can tell you. At one of the Guildhall banquets a waiter upset a plate of it—of course, it was the thick—right over the shoulder of a well-known Deputy. I have heard some pretty efforts in the use of language during my sojourn in Fleet Street, but I never did hear anything to equal the anathemas which were hurled upon that unhappy waiter, upon turtle soup, and upon everything appertaining to Lord Mayors and their banquets. The Deputy was really most impartial and indiscriminate in his remarks. Mark Twain has somewhere said that a man has never tasted real happiness until, perfectly free himself from *mal-de-mer*, he has seen everybody else on board thoroughly upset. On the same principle, I never enjoyed turtle soup so much in my life as I did on that occasion. But here's your mixture. Take it, and you'll feel better."

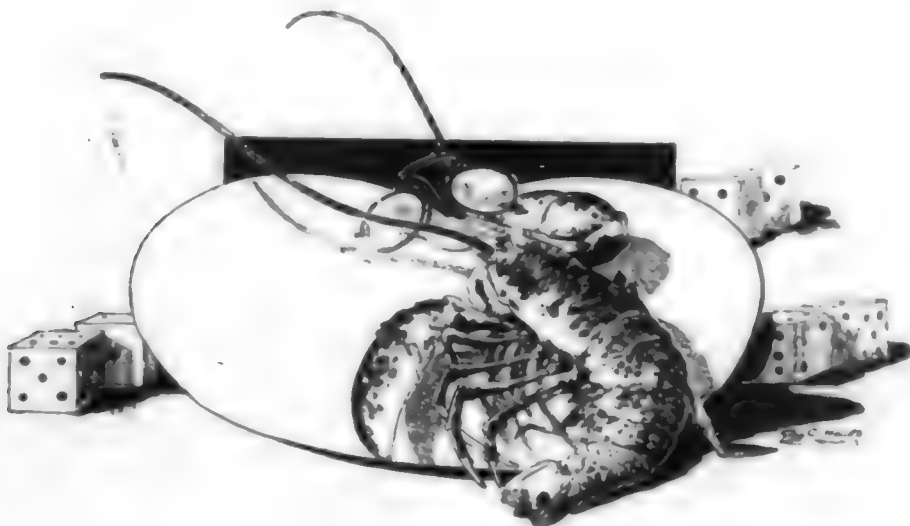


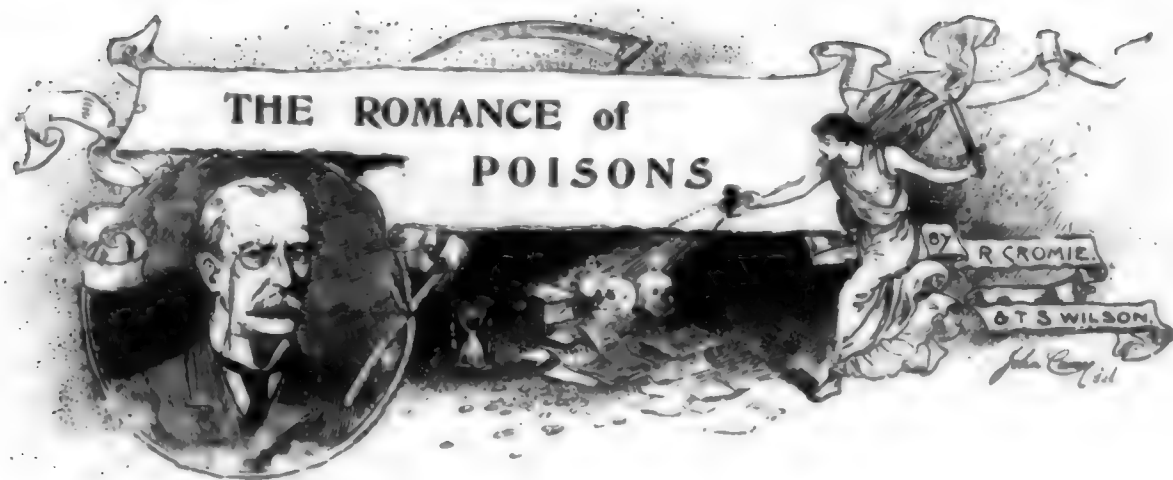
IS IT ALL RIGHT?

"What mixture? I ordered no draught."

"But what have you come here asking about turtle soup for?"

"Mere inquisitiveness. I'm Paul Pry. See if you can surpass the Deputy's 'pretty effort in the use of language!'"





THE DEADLY LETTERS.

SURGEON-COLONEL JOHN HEDFORD, late of the Indian Medical Service, lived in the large provincial city of Salchester. During a long residence in India he had given much time and study to the action of poisons on organic life. His knowledge of the subject became so exhaustive that, had he lived in the time of the Borgias, the lucrative appointment of Court Poisoner would have been his. As it was, however, his speciality enabled him to supplement his income by acting as an expert when called on. His book on Toxicology, which he modestly entitled "Some Remarks on the Nature and Effect of Indian Poisons," had been favourably reviewed by the *Lancet* and the *British Medical Journal* and bade fair to become a text-book in the schools.

One morning he was watching the death-throes of a mouse to which he had administered a new ptomaine, when a letter, marked "Immediate," was delivered by a Commissionaire. It read as follows:

*"The Royal Standard Life
Assurance Co.,
24, Castle Lane, Salchester,
12th July, 18—.*

Dear Sir,

Can you favour us with a call at this office at 12 o'clock to-day? We wish to consult you on a matter of great importance. Kindly reply per messenger.

*Yours very truly,
Chas. B. Morton,
Resident Secretary.*

*Surgeon-Col. J. Hedford,
Queen's Elms,
Salchester."*

The Specialist read the note carefully through twice before sending an affirmative reply. By this time the mouse was dead, and as that was the only urgent business he had on hand just then, Hedford suspended his experiments for the day. His silver-mounted cane and immaculate Lincoln-and-Bennett were handed to him by his Hindoo servant, Chundra-Dass, and Hedford left the house. He sauntered leisurely to the County Club. After skimming over a few of that morning's London dailies, he went to the offices of the "Royal Standard," where he arrived with military punctuality on the stroke of noon.

Hedford was received by the Secretary, Mr. Morton, and introduced to Mr. Montagu Scott, the London manager, who had been in Salchester for the past two days. After paying a well-merited compliment to the Specialist on his reputation as a toxicologist, Mr. Scott got to business at once, and said abruptly:

"I am going to put a case into your hands which has cost this and two other companies, the 'Tresham' and the 'Mutual,' £150,000, and which may cost us half-a-million unless the riddle can be read."

The Specialist was reticent.

"Before handing you these documents," Mr. Scott went on, indicating a tightly-strapped bundle of papers on the table, "I must ask your earnest assurance that you will maintain absolute secrecy on the subject until you yourself, or some other man, has solved the mystery."

The assurance given, Mr. Scott stated briefly that for the past two years purchases of life policies had been made by, or for, Sir William Huntingdon, M.P., a Salchester magnate of high reputation,

who lived principally in London: that most of the persons assured had died since the date of the transfer of the policies: that in only one case had there been an inquest, for the sufficient reason that the assured had all died from well-known diseases, and had been attended by physicians who were beyond suspicion; and that the three companies had paid claims amounting in all to £150,000 either to Sir William Huntingdon or to persons who were suspected of being in collusion with him. This coincidence of early death from "natural causes" occurring to nearly all the unfortunate transferors of the policies was, at present, inexplicable. Mr. Scott had no special hypothesis, but, on behalf of

balance of his banking account into a handsome credit one was a matter for satisfaction. Anglo-Indian habits are expensive and difficult to break off. Besides, the work before him was purely humanitarian. It is pleasant to be a philanthropist when one is well paid for it.

On arriving at "The Elms," Hedford went straight to his study, and lighting a strong Indian cheroot he undid the straps which bound together the bundle of documents handed to him by the Manager of the Insurance Company. They were records of the dates and causes of death of the persons whose policies had been purchased by Sir William Huntingdon. As the causes of death ranged from "small-pox" to "old age" and, as the melancholy list included two railway accidents, very little was gained from the study of the papers. However, the Specialist made a table of their contents, which, when carefully completed, seemed to suggest something more than the individual documents read consecutively. On the impression thus formed he reserved judgment.

Surgeon-Colonel Hedford spent the next three weeks in journeying north, south, east, and west, to the different parts of the kingdom where the deceased policy-holders had resided. He interviewed doctors and relatives with much tact and circumspection, without

arousing the slightest suspicion as to his object, but failed to elicit anything material. Death in each case had been caused by one or other of the ills to which the flesh is heir. The mystery was as far from solution as ever. One terrible fact, however, stood out in ghastly relief—sooner or later after the purchase of their policies, people who lived hundreds of miles apart were struck down by some deadly disease, and in several cases not only had the assured persons been cut off, but also other members of their families. Hedford had seen strange things in India, and had heard of stranger. He was the reverse of superstitious, but he could not, at times, help feeling that there was more than coincidence in the matter, and that Sir William Huntingdon possessed powers of a diabolical and horrible nature. The Specialist, how-



"NURSE HUDSON TURNED VERY WHITE"

the three "Life" offices, he entrusted Surgeon-Colonel Hedford with the case, informing him that if necessary he could call in the services of an experienced detective from Scotland Yard. This Hedford declined to do, preferring to work for a time single-handed in the matter. Mr. Scott intimated that a sum of £500 would be placed to the credit of Colonel Hedford's account in the Great Northern Banking Company, and that he was to spare neither pains nor money in the endeavour to clear up the mystery.

As the Specialist left the "Royal Standard" office he buttoned his coat with determination and strode hastily homeward. He was well aware of the intricate nature of the task before him, and fully realised the difficulties in his path. On the other hand, the fact that the £500 would convert the small debit

ever, was both sensible and scientific. To be both scientific and sensible is to orthodox minds an impossibility. As Hedford possessed a happy combination of these qualities he dismissed his wild fancies. Had he been less determined he would have given up the case in despair. He was on the point of returning to Salchester, when he received a telegram from Mr. Montagu Scott, as follows:

"To Hedford,

Mitre Hotel, Manchester.

Policy purchased by Huntingdon yesterday, ten thousand pounds. See advertisement 'Daily Telegraph' fifteenth inst. Hamilton staying Grand Hotel, Brighton. Letter awaits you there.

Scott, London."

Reference to the columns of the *Daily Telegraph* showed that a policy on the life of a retired Indian officer had been sold by auction the previous day.

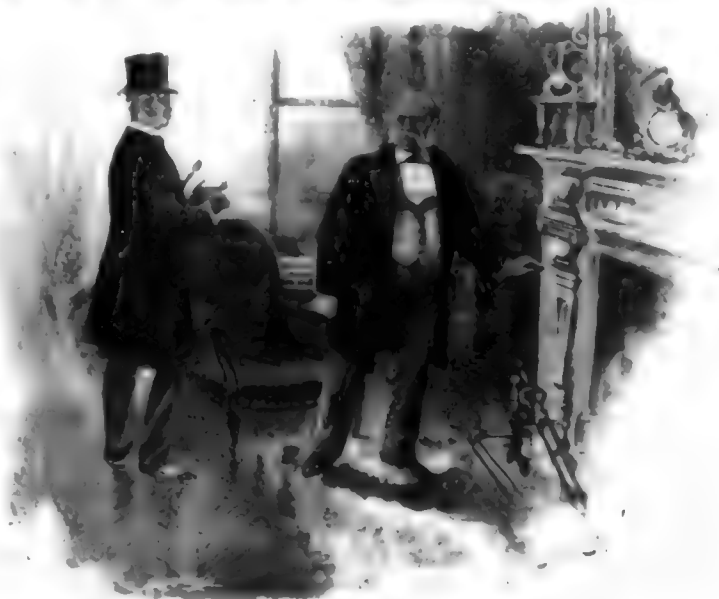
The Specialist arrived at Brighton tired and worn out with continuous travelling. He found the letter from the "Royal Standard" awaiting him. The policy had been effected ten years previously in that office, and the assured was Major-General Hamilton, late Political Agent at the Court of the Rajah of Gorakphur. He had been unfortunate in a recent gold-mining speculation and had lost a large fortune. Hence the sale of the policy.

Hedford was intensely interested. After removing the traces of his tiresome journey he sent in his card to General Hamilton. They were old friends, and over a cigar and a whisky-and-seltzer in the smoking-room, Hamilton related the story of his misfortunes. He had still his pension and a small remnant of his capital left; but he bitterly regretted having had to let his life policy go. His daughters were to join him the next day and, in the course of a week or ten days, they intended going to some cheap Continental watering-place. The girls did not know of their father's financial difficulties, and Hedford was cautioned not to divulge anything to them.

The Misses Hamilton arrived the next morning and renewed acquaintance with the Specialist, who laughingly reminded them that, when he bade them farewell ten years before at the Gorakphur Residency they had shed tears at his departure and had been lavish of their caresses. He told them that he hoped by "strict attention to business," &c., to merit a continuance, or rather a renewal, of the favours then bestowed. For a brief space he forgot his serious mission, and, in the charming society of Ethel and Mary Hamilton and their father a very pleasant morning was spent. But he did not long neglect his duty, and that evening the Hamiltons saw him off by the London express. He had arranged to accompany the party to Dresden on his return from town.

That night Hedford had a conversation with Mr. Montagu Scott, and subsequently a more lengthy interview with the celebrated Inspector Trowbrigg, of South American fame, formerly of Scotland Yard, but now a "Private Inquiry Agent." The two left London together for Salchester by the night mail.

Two days afterwards Hedford and Chundra-Dass, with many travelling trunks and portmanteaus, returned to Brighton. After a week spent by the party in making preparations for departure, it was arranged that they should cross by Dover and Calais next day.



"MR WILLIAM MOVED TOWARDS THE BELL"

Hedford retired to bed after an enjoyable evening, feeling relief in the thought that his old friend was fleeing from the mysterious fate which might befall him

at any moment. He spent a troubled night. Distracting thoughts kept him awake, and he only fell into a sound sleep towards morning. He was awakened by Chundra-Dass, whose usually dusky countenance was literally of an ashen pallor.

"Supplied General Sahib his 'Chota-hazri,'" he stammered with chattering teeth. "Sahib very bad. Him one dam rash all over."

Jumping out of bed Hedford threw on his dressing-gown and, followed by Chundra-Dass, rushed to the General's bedroom.

The sword had fallen!

"What do you think is the matter, Hedford?" the General asked anxiously. "I don't half like this rash on my face and wrists. I feel as if I've been peppered by small shot."

"I don't like it either," said Hedford, gravely, after a careful examination of his patient.

"What have I got?"

"Small-pox."

"My God!—the poor girls!"

Major-General Hamilton died, and was duly buried.

The Specialist might have made a "post-mortem" privately if he had wished. But the General had died of small-pox and there was an end of it. Besides, he had abandoned the poison theory. He had entered a *cul-de-sac*.

On the day after the funeral, Hedford, at Ethel Hamilton's request, went over the deceased's papers. He was struck by the number of gold and silver-mine prospectuses which poor Hamilton had accumulated. As he tossed them one after another into the waste-paper basket, he observed some pencil memoranda, in the General's handwriting, on a prospectus from which the wrapper had *not* been removed. The Dullwitch post-mark caught his eye. This struck him as odd. Prospectuses are not usually posted in small country villages a hundred miles from London. He turned out the contents of the basket on the floor; and found several torn wrappers, which he minutely examined. Then taking from his pocket-book the reports of Ex-Inspector Trowbrigg, which he had received from day to day, he perused them with concentrated attention. The Specialist sat down to think. A dozen wild guesses passed through his mind, but none stood the test of "second

thoughts." One shadowy idea then began to form, wilder and more horrible still than all the rest; so far-fetched, indeed, that he dismissed it. But it persistently returned again and again. He fought against it no further. He would go to Dullwitch. A short telegram was despatched to Trowbrigg.

Hedford explained to the two girls that he was summoned away for a few days on business of the most urgent nature. Before leaving, he handed to Ethel Hamilton a twenty pound bank-note which he had found in the General's writing desk. Owing to the fact that he had placed it there himself no one had a better right to find it.

The Specialist was a kindly man, although a vivisectionist.

The next evening Hedford arrived at Dullwitch. He was met at the station by Trowbrigg. Dullwitch is a small country village on the Great Northern line, some seven or eight miles from the large manufacturing town of Starlington.

The detective took much interest in the postal arrangements of the village. Surgeon-Colonel Hedford had apparently no other object in life than golfing, to which fascinating pursuit he devoted himself with great energy. He got to know many of the golfers.

On the third morning of his stay in Dullwitch, he was met on the links by Trowbrigg, who took from his pocket a newspaper, the *Starlington News Letter*, and pointed to a paragraph marked in blue pencil:—"Dullwitch Hospital.—Sir William Huntingdon, M.P. for Starlington, has forwarded a cheque for £500 to the treasurer of the Dullwitch Hospital. If other Life Governors would follow his princely example the Institution's debt would soon be cleared off. Sir William Huntingdon's frequent visits to the wards testify——"

Hedford read no more. The hospital was situated at the outskirts of the village. He went there without delay. The house-physician, Dr. Grey, another ardent golfer, gratefully received his modest subscription of five pounds. Dr. Grey was much pleased with the interest in the hospital shown by Colonel Hedford—an interest natural enough in a brother medical man—and cordially invited him to inspect the wards.

After the tour of the hospital, Hedford said, carelessly, "what about your cases of infectious disease?"

"Splendidly isolated—a separate building," Grey explained. "Like to go through?"

"Yes, if I may."

"Most of our infectious cases are sent to us from Starlington," Dr. Grey said as they crossed the quadrangle to a row of isolated huts. "We have several bad cases of typhus and small-pox at present. Is it wise though, on your part to run any risk? You are not on duty you know."

"Oh," said Hedford with a quiet smile, "I am disease-proof. I have seen too much of that sort of thing in India to have the least fear. You can disinfect me afterwards."

Nurse Hudson was on duty—a tall, expressionless woman who answered Dr.



SIR WILLIAM'S END

Grey's questions in a direct, business-like manner. Nurse Hudson was reported to have private means.

"Splendid woman, but too unsympathetic," Dr. Grey whispered in Hedford's ear.

Nurse Hudson looked keenly at the visitor, who was, in a seemingly careless manner, inspecting a patient's clinical chart which hung on the wall beside the bed. The remarks on the chart were in Nurse Hudson's handwriting.

"Very interesting case this," said the doctor, joining Hedford.

"How is Johnston?" This to Nurse Hudson.

"Much better, doctor," the nurse replied hastily.

"Must have been bad then," Hedford put in. "The man is comatose now, or dead."

Dr. Grey drew down the bed-clothes and felt the patient's heart.

Nurse Hudson turned very white.

"He is dead," said the doctor, rearranging the bed-clothes.

The visitor's keen eye noticed something lying beside the body. He placed his hand on the dead man's heart and possessed himself of the object unobserved by the nurse. The diabolical nature of Huntingdon's crime flashed upon him. His surmise had become a certainty!

Hedford took leave of Dr. Grey hastily. Five minutes afterwards Detective Trowbrigg interviewed Nurse Hudson. The interview was short, sharp, and decisive. She obtained leave of absence. A near relative was dying she said.

For one hour, exactly, she was closeted with Colonel Hedford in his private sitting-room at the "Red Lion."

The Specialist caught the first train to London. His brain was on fire. He could not sit still in his corner of the compartment. He could not read. He could not even smoke, and he told a civil curate of the "Private Secretary" type, who said it was a "charming day," to go to the devil.

When the train drew into Euston he could hardly wait for it to stop. He dashed out of the carriage, jumped into a hansom and drove rapidly to the head office of the "Royal Standard," where he found Mr. Montagu Scott awaiting him. The Manager had been warned by wire.

"You have succeeded," said Mr. Scott, strongly agitated, as Hedford entered the room, "I see it in your face!"

Hedford produced an oblong shaped paper which bore evident traces of having been submitted to the action of some strong chemical agent. It was a prospectus of the "African Exploration, Trading and Mining Company, Limited." It was addressed to

*"Henry Hewstead, Esq.,
11, Granville Terrace,
Belfast."*

Hedford read out the name and address. "Is he a policy-holder in your Company?" he asked.

The Manager touched an electric bell and spoke through a tube. The sharp r-r-ing of the bell broke the silence, and Mr. Montagu Scott applied his ear to the tube.

"In difficulties—life assured for £2,000. Policy sold six months ago to Sir William Huntingdon," said the Manager, as he dropped the flexible tube.

"Wonderful, marvellous, monstrous,

fiendish!" he added, five minutes later. "What will you do now?"

"Pardon me," answered the Specialist, "what will *you* do now?"

Mr. Scott pondered for fully five minutes, and then said slowly and impressively:

"I think, Colonel Hedford, you had better finish this yourself. We have dropped an immense sum of money. It would suit us to get it back. This should be a bonus year, and I don't see how we are going to pay it. We cannot compound with the scoundrel. Your circumstantial evidence is still very weak: it might hang the woman, but

thoughtfully a visiting card bearing this inscription:

*" Surgeon-Col. J. Hedford,
(Late Indian Medical Service),
United Service Club,
Pall Mall."*

"Show him up," he said, and the Specialist in poisons entered the room.

"Your business, sir?" said the Baronet shortly. Hedford had neither bowed nor accepted Sir William's outstretched hand.

"To make you an offer."

"About what?"



"NURSE HUDSON'S BODY WAS FOUND IN THE THAMES"

that would not enable the 'Royal Standard' and the other two Companies to recover their money. You may be certain the villain Huntingdon has his retreat secured."

"To cut the matter short," said Hedford deliberately, "you will leave the matter in my hands."

Mr. Montagu Scott looked straight into the other's eyes, and said slowly:

"That is the only way. I will leave it in your hands."

"Then you will pay your bonus," said the Specialist.

"And you five thousand pounds," said the Managing Director.

Sir William Huntingdon turned over

"Some 'Royal Standard' and other life policies you hold."

"Sir, your intrusion is most unwarrantable. My secretary transacts business of that nature for me. Good-day!" Sir William moved towards the bell. The Specialist interposed.

"Will your secretary go so far as to hang for you should we prove our case?"

"Your case—what case? Are you mad or drunk?"

"Neither. I am here to tell you, firstly," said the Specialist, checking off his items on the fingers of one hand, "that you have swindled three insurance companies out of £150,000; secondly, that, with one or two exceptions, you

have foully murdered all the policy-holders who sold to you, and, thirdly, that you carried out this system of prodigious crime by means of your accomplice——"

"That will do. Leave the house!" commanded Sir William.

The muscles of his face never moved, but it was death-like in its pallor.

"But Nurse Hudson?"

"Never heard of her."

"Strange! She knows you well."

"How should that concern me?"

"She is in custody. She has confessed."

Sir William Huntingdon sank back in his chair.

Half-an-hour afterwards Hedford, accompanied by the Baronet, drove to the Bank of England. Some mysterious operations took place there which resulted in the transfer of a large sum in Consols to "John Hedford."

They drove back to Park Lane. The Specialist remained about ten minutes. He then left the house, walked away a few paces down the street and stopped. This is what he was saying to himself:

"One hundred and fifteen thousand pounds. A hundred thousand for the insurance people, ten for the Hamilton girls, and five for myself. No proceedings, no trouble, no chance of losing the pile, and all on condition of allowing the beast to blow——"

The bang of a pistol-shot rang out on the stillness of the aristocratic street.

A small group of people began to gather round Sir William Huntingdon's door.

Surgeon-Colonel John Hedford called a cab.

Nurse Hudson's body was found in the Thames a week afterwards.

No more typhus or small-pox-infected prospectuses were posted in Dullwitch.



The Cotton Capital.

BY DAVID PATON.

THERE is, perhaps, no better way to get a rough idea of the industrial greatness of Manchester than to climb to the top of the Town Hall tower and try to count the factory chimneys which break the sky line on all sides. Surely no other district in the working world sends up such a smoke into the face of heaven. As the incense of industry one looks with a not unkindly eye on the rolling masses of grey vapour, and in any case a good deal has been done in recent years, with smoke-consuming boilers, to take the "Turner" quality out of the Manchester sky. Some smoke there always will be, if the city is to keep its pot boiling, but local sanitarians hope that in this and in other respects it will become increasingly difficult to recognise in Manchester the original Coketown of "Hard Times."

Manchester is the centre of the greatest manufacturing district in the world. More than that, if you draw a circle round it,



LADY MAYORESS OF MANCHESTER
From a photograph by Lafayette



LORD MAYOR OF MANCHESTER
From a photograph by Wilkinson Brothers

with a radius of thirty-five or forty miles, you enclose a greater population than you will get if you make London the centre of a similar circle. Adding the sister town of Salford, on the other side of the dividing river, Manchester has a population of 776,000. It is a respectable total, but it does not include the whole of the people who are really and truly Manchester people. Just outside the municipal boundary there is a belt of populous townships, which, in all but name, are part and parcel of the city. A few miles further out there is a circle of manufacturing towns, and further out still, at a distance of about twenty miles, there is a second circle of busy communities engaged, like the inner circles in the Manchester trade, and looking to Manchester as their natural centre. Throughout this area of "clog-land" there is a close network of communication by road, rail and canal; and it is upon the shoulders of



ST. MARY'S GATE
From a photograph by Frith and Co.



PICCADILLY

these tributary towns that Manchester rises into view as the great industrial metropolis of the north.

Cotton, and the industries connected with cotton are, of course, the main business of Manchester, but she has also extensive mechanical and chemical works. When and how the city first began to spin and weave local history does not say, but "Manchester cottons" are mentioned in records as early as 1352. It is generally understood, however, that no cotton was used in England before the seventeenth century, and the assumption is that the Manchester cottons of earlier times were woollen goods made to imitate the real

cottons imported from the East and from the south of Europe. With the invention of textile machinery in the beginning of the present century Manchester settled down to her work as the world's spinner and weaver. She has now many rivals in foreign markets, but no peer. Mere figures are not very convincing, but it may give some idea of the volume of the textile trade, if we say that in the first six months of the present year the exports of cotton piece goods amounted to 2,438,400,000 yards, of printed calicoes 468,800,000 yards, and of yarn 129,132,000 lbs. The Clearing House returns show that the money which passed through the Manchester banks



THE PRINCIPAL OF OWEN'S COLLEGE
From a photograph by Warwick Brooks



THE OLDEST LICENSED HOUSE IN GREAT BRITAIN

last year totalled up to £161,500,000. It may be added that the business of the Manchester Post Office exceeds in magnitude that of any other post office in the Kingdom, except that of London.

About seventy-five per cent. of the cotton used in the Manchester district comes from the United States. So dependent, indeed, has Lancashire always been on this source of supply, that during the civil war in America the mills had to be closed. It is estimated that during this period of cotton famine the operatives lost in wages about

capital view can be had of the surging mass below. All the nations of the earth are represented on the wide floor of the Exchange, and it is no uncommon thing to hear a dark-skinned and turbaned Oriental conversing about "forty's twist" with a rough Lancashire manufacturer, whose dialect would be quite incomprehensible to a Londoner. The cotton lords take a pride in rough, homely dress and speech. It is enough for them to be "men," let who will call themselves "gentlemen."

In addition to the cotton industry,



MARKET STREET FROM THE EXCHANGE

£30,000,000. Of the bleaching, dyeing, printing, and other industries which arise out of the manufacture of cotton goods we have no room to give details. On Tuesdays and Fridays you will find under the great cupola of the Manchester Exchange representatives of every branch of the textile industry. The Exchange has seven thousand subscribers, and it is said to be the biggest interior in the country. On market days it is one of the sights of the city. Distinguished visitors are always taken to see it, and there is a little gallery away up towards the roof from which a

Manchester, as we have said, has large manufactures of machinery and chemical substances. The production of compressed steel, introduced by the late Sir Joseph Whitworth, is peculiarly a Manchester industry. It occurred to Sir Joseph that as castings were generally faulty by reason of the metal containing air-holes, it would be a good thing to submit the molten steel to hydraulic pressure while it was cooling. Steel which has been treated in this way is used for the manufacture of guns and also for the propeller shafts of great steamers.

The city proper covers an area of 12,911 acres and has a rateable value, if anybody cares for such particulars, of £2,857,000. From a bricks-and-mortar point of view it is not an impressive city. It has one or two fine "places" and a number of noble buildings; but with few exceptions the streets are dull-looking and even mean. The central area is full of great, heavy warehouses, and through the narrow streets which intersect this region there is a constant procession of luries laden with cotton goods. The Town Hall, of which Mr. Waterhouse

the building the Corporation thought it wise to defer the scheme. The Owens College, the Assize Courts, the Free Trade Hall, the new Ryland's Library and the Royal Institution are among the other notable buildings in the city. The Cathedral is a good example of the later Gothic, but it is hardly on a scale great enough to justify its name. It was built simply as a parish church. Manchester was made the see of a Bishop in 1847. It is some indication of the cosmopolitan character of the population that the city has six



THE TOWN HALL.

was the architect, is one of the finest Gothic buildings erected in this country in modern times. It covers about 8,000 square yards, and cost £1,054,960. It has a fine tower, nearly 300 feet high. The hour bell is exceeded in size only by Big Ben at Westminster. The public hall is decorated with a series of frescoes by the late Mr. Madox Brown, the subjects of which are taken from local history. It was also intended at first that Mr. P. Calderon, Mr. W. B. Richmond and Mr. W. F. Yeames should each fill one of the large rooms with decorative panels, but after spending a million on

Jewish synagogues, several German churches, one Greek and one Armenian church.

Manchester was incorporated in 1838, and the work the city fathers have done in little more than half a century affords striking and suggestive testimony to the value of municipal government. We can only mention in brief detail one or two of the more important Corporation undertakings. First as to water. The area supplied is equal to 135 square miles and the number of persons who drink from the Corporation tap is about a million. The Longdendale reservoirs,

from which the bulk of the supply comes, are about twenty miles from the city. They were formed by damming up the river Etherow on its way down from the Pennine Hills. These works, which cost £2,614,000 and give a daily supply of 25 million gallons, were found some years ago insufficient for the needs of the constantly extending city. The Corporation decided to go to Thirlmere for a further supply, and now 10 million gallons flow down to Manchester every day from the Cumberland lake, a distance of nearly a hundred miles. When more

lake up in Wordsworth's country from which water could reach Manchester by gravitation. The fall of the aqueduct is 20 inches per mile.

The area of the gas supply, which is also in the hands of the Corporation, is 47 square miles, and the total length of the mains 714 miles. The daily consumption varies from 5 million cubic feet in summer to 22½ millions in winter. The Corporation supply electric light to the central parts of the city. The distinctive feature of their system is the five-wire distribution. Manchester



THE EXCHANGE

water is needed additional pipes will be put in. The Thirlmere scheme, when complete, will furnish 50 million gallons a day. The Corporation have not become proprietors of "the mighty Helvellyn" and the whole watershed of this distant lake for nothing. It has cost £2,500,000 to bring the first 10 million gallons, but as this includes the cost of tunnels and other works which will need no enlargement when the scheme is complete, each additional 10 millions can be brought for, it is estimated, £500,000—little more, indeed, than the cost of the pipes. Thirlmere is the only

was the first place in England to try this system. A system of hydraulic power is also furnished by the Corporation.

In the registrar-general's mortality lists the city has long occupied an unenviable place. It is only fair, however, to the city fathers to say that they have done much in recent years to improve the health of the city. Of their work in this direction, perhaps the most notable feature is a great sewage scheme, now on the point of completion, which is to cost considerably over half-a-million. The fact that for two miles of its length the main outfall sewer is

14 feet by 10 feet 6 inches, will indicate the monumental scale on which the works are constructed. The condition of the Irwell, the heavy, slow-moving river which passes through the city, and provides water for the Ship Canal, is a source of great uneasiness to sanitarians. Strenuous efforts are being made to clear it, but the watershed is so extensive, and the number of local authorities

unable to pay the Corporation interest. Having themselves to pay interest to the people from whom they borrowed the money the Corporation will be forced to add to the other burdens of the city a Ship Canal rate. It is not a pleasant prospect, but it has given rise to less grumbling than might have been expected. The city was able to borrow the money at a cost, including expenses,



THE COLLEGE

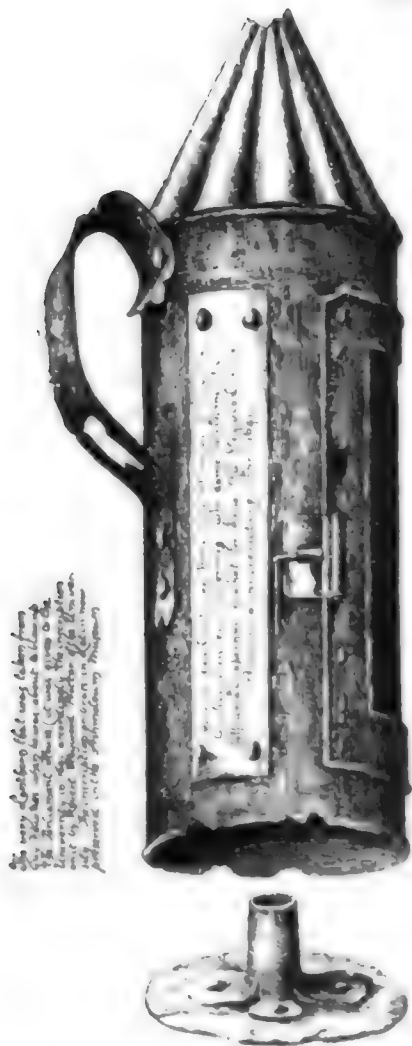
to be dealt with so numerous that very slow progress is made.

The city is deeply concerned in the success of the great undertaking which in 1894 made her a port. Of the fifteen millions which have been expended on the Ship Canal the Manchester Corporation lent five. The Canal is gradually gathering traffic, but it is quite certain that next year the Company will be

of £3 4s. 6d. per cent., and lent it to the Canal Company at 4½. It is not intended, however, that the city should make a profit on the transaction. There will be reward enough for Manchester in all sorts of ways when the Canal Company get firmly on their feet. The existence of the Canal has already forced the old routes to lower their rates for sea-borne merchandise.

The Unfairness of It.

BY BARRY PAIN.



GUY FAUX'S LANTERN

I FOUND it gone when I came back from
'soccer—

I couldn't prove it, but I knew the cad
Had prigged a shilling rocket from my locker,
And so he had.

And when, upon the fifth night of November,
He said he'd bought one—asked me,
meek as meek,
The way to let it off—I well remember,
I thought it cheek,

Yet showed him how to fix within the socket
The needful stick, as though I'd been his
friend,
Then made him hold it tight, and light that
rocket
At the wrong end.

The thing flew all ways, banging, flashing,
sparking—
And wounded *me*—killed me I thought
at first—
And he? He stood there calm, unhurt,
remarking,
"Why, something's burst!"

'Twas hard to lose a thing I gave a lot for,
But harder that by fate's unkindly whim
A chap like me should fail to make it hot for
A skunk like him.

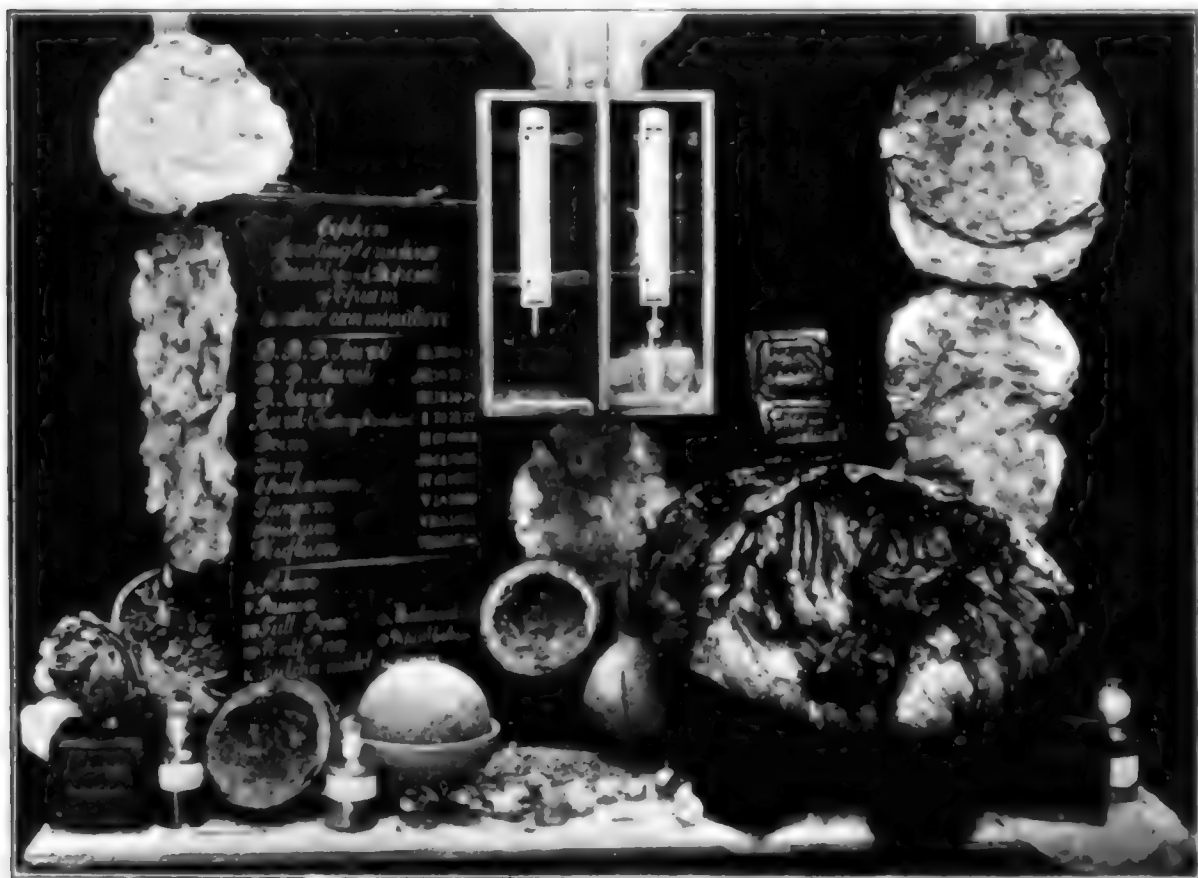
Yet still I'm unrevenged. Long years have gone the
Old course of years, and still he stands intact—
A fat J. P.—respected—strong upon the
Explosives Act.

"Fast, Subtle and Mighty Opium."

BY JOHN JENNINGS.

EVERYBODY knows that opium—the most precious medicine and dangerous drug which grows on earth—is the dried juice from the unripe capsule of a species of poppy. *Papaver Somniferum* rears his wondrous head in many lands, but nowhere does the cultivation of him

for treatment, and thousands of field labourers, armed with a little weapon like three thin knives bound together, start forth at noon to lance the poppy-heads with these triple blades. On the following day a milky exudation—the crude opium—is scraped from the wounded capsules, and as the mass



SPECIMENS OF OPIUM, CRUDE AND MANUFACTURED

assume greater importance than in India. On the Ganges a huge tract of country, some six hundred miles long and two hundred broad, is mainly devoted to the growth of the drug, and its culture here alone employs many thousands of persons. The seed is sown at the beginning of November, and the poppies blossom towards the end of the following January. Three weeks after the petals have dropped, the seed capsules, now about the size of a hen's egg, are ready

accumulates it requires careful manipulation. It is drained, dried in the open air, and after a period of some three weeks acquires a tolerable consistency. It is then packed in earthen jars and sent off down the river to the opium factories. Arrived at head-quarters the contents of every jar are carefully weighed, tested, valued and credited to the cultivator. The opium is then thrown into vats and presently kneaded into cakes for market. Government pur-



OPIUM WAITING CLASSIFICATION



MANUFACTURE OF OPIUM

chases the drug at about five shillings a pound; and an acre of land in Bengal is said to produce on an average between twenty and thirty pounds annually. The output of opium from Turkey, Persia, and China is also considerable, and its culture in the latter country, though nominally forbidden, is practically free to all. The relation of the trade in opium to our Indian Revenue appears most startling. During 1880, though the year was certainly exceptional, the annual revenue from opium in India was close upon £10,500,000, of which that

cutaneous injection of morphine daily grows into dangerous and deplorable popularity among the more cultured morphia-maniacs. Habitues will take three grains a day; some, five or six; a few, many more. A small proportion of habitual consumers indulge the craving throughout their lives and gain nothing, but good therefrom, but the danger in any dalliance with opium is great and terrible, the ultimate condition of those who succumb to the giant appears sad beyond compare. De Quincey says that at one time of his



TALES OF EMPLOYEES

locally consumed yielded £1,000,000. Of late years, however, the net revenue has declined by more than two millions.

In Europe, opium is mainly used for medicinal purposes, and the crude drug undergoes all manner of varied manufactures in order to separate from it the active principles of morphine, narcotine, &c. Chemically, it is a gum-resin, and though its exact composition varies greatly, its heavy odour and nauseous taste are always characteristic. In opium-eating, or morphinism, the drug is usually taken by the mouth in the shape of laudanum, chlorodyne, morphine or black drop; but the sub-

life he drank the enormous quantity of eight thousand drops of laudanum daily; which is, we believe, the extreme limit recorded authentically in Europe, but regular habitues rarely allow themselves more than from three to five grains in the twenty-four hours. The immediate result of a dose of opium is a feeling of stimulation, increased good spirits and general well being, but as soon as this has passed off renewed despondency invariably succeeds it. Your typical opium eater is thin and of a bloodless aspect with a dull and glassy eye, a listless manner and no grip on the events of the moment. He suffers from chronic



THE LABORATORY

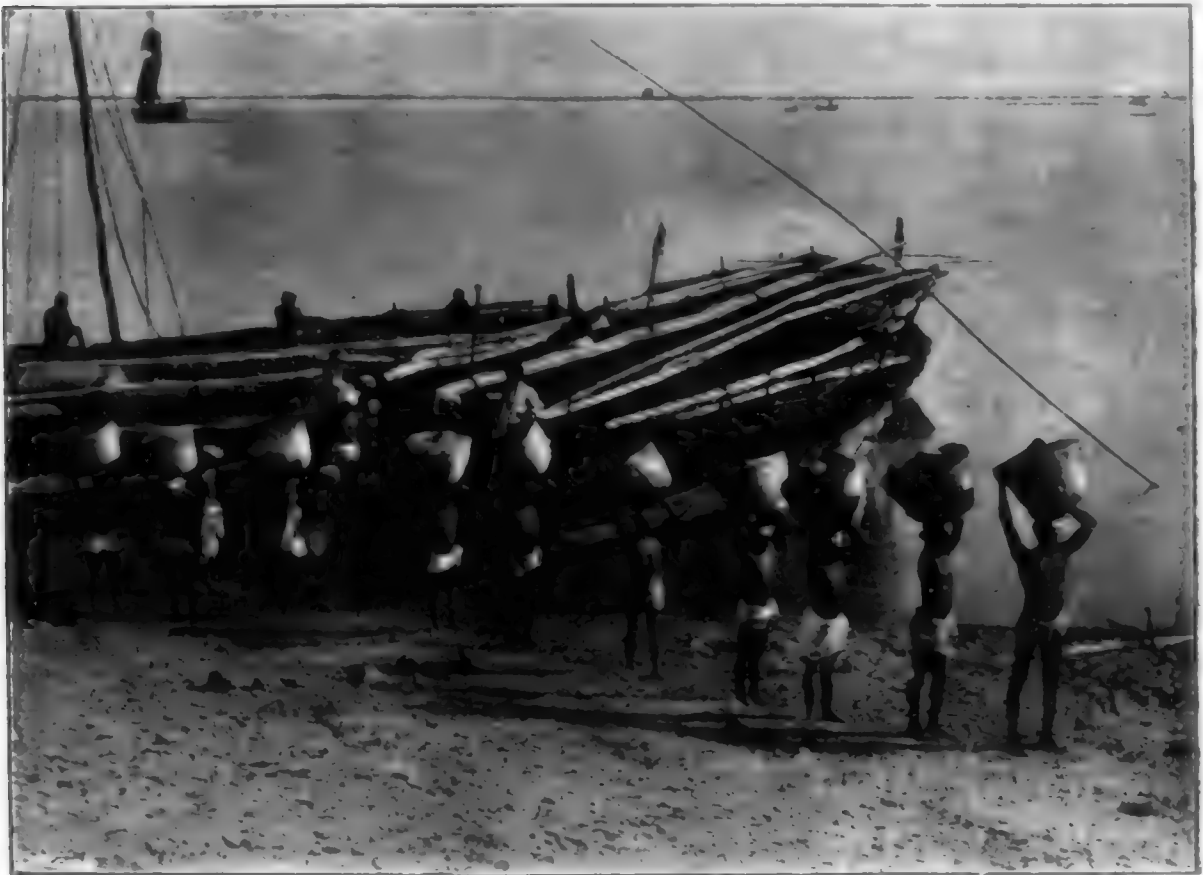


CLASSIFICATION OF OPIUM

dyspepsia, from keen nervous irritability and great disturbances of the circulation. Any sudden deprivation of the drug causes grave nerve storms and, not seldom, these culminate in utter collapse. Successful treatment of the opium habit come within the experience of most physicians, though the methods of winning this desired result vary considerably. It is generally best to remove the sufferer from his or her home and friends into an entirely novel environment; but there is a wide difference of opinion as to whether the opium should be abruptly or grad-

or sometimes very full and slow. Other symptoms appear in a pale and livid skin, and cold perspiration; while death, if it comes, generally takes the form of paralysis of the respiratory centres of the brain, if not an apoplexy. These are the usual aspects of opium poisoning, though many cases present peculiar phenomena. It may be remarked that in infants the most minute doses often prove fatal.

Turkey opium is generally considered the finest for medicinal purposes, and in the British Pharmacopœia that variety



LANDING OPIUM FROM BOATS

ually discontinued. Recovery, if it is to take place, will generally be complete in a few weeks, but relapses are all too frequent.

While no remedy has such varied and precious powers as opium, yet for that reason alone it is enormously abused by the ignorant, and statistics show that half the deaths from poison which occur in the United Kingdom are due to this tremendous drug in one or other of its many preparations. Deep coma and complete insensibility follow an overdose. Respiration is slow, noisy, and stertorous, the pupil is contracted to a pin-point, the pulse is weak and rapid,

alone is directed to be employed in the manufacture of these twenty authorised pharmaceutical preparations from the drug. It is dried and powdered before use, and also standardised to a strength of ten per cent. of morphine.

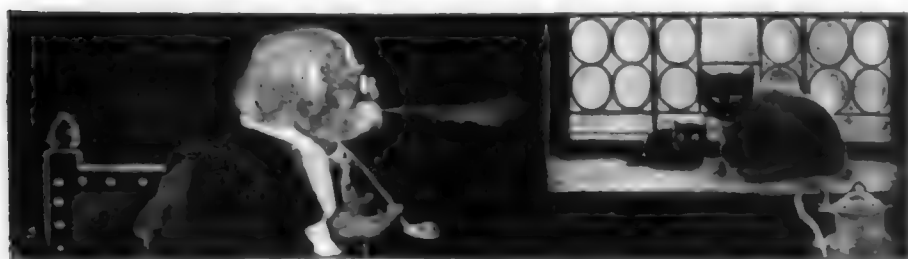
Morphine, or morphia—by far the most important of the alkaloids existing in opium—appears when isolated as white, silky, translucent crystals. It has a bitter taste, and alkaline reaction, and is very largely employed in cases where hypodermic injection may be desired. Its effects are much the same as those of opium, and it is taken for a similar variety of reasons, but morphine acts

with greater rapidity, and is unaccompanied by certain inconveniences which attend the use of opium. Like the mother-drug it is widely abused; "morphinomania" is upon the increase; and in Paris a special hospital has been opened for treatment of this class of patient alone.

The smoking of opium is practised in China, India, Borneo, the United States and elsewhere. In China it has been computed that one per cent of the entire population smokes opium; and the habit is upon the increase, for fines, penalties and even capital punishment have proved powerless to stamp the fashion out. Opium prepared for smoking is an extract of about twice the strength of the original drug. A piece the size of a pea is placed in a peculiar little pipe, ignited, slowly inhaled and as slowly exhaled through the nostrils. The mild and aromatic smoke produces in Easterns effects similar to those which result from opium eating, but it is said that Europeans are not affected appreciably by opium smoking. Experts differ as regards the hurtfulness of the habit, and the best judges hold that in moderation it is no more harmful and quite as desirable as the smoking of tobacco. Missionaries, however, declare that Eastern races

undoubtedly deteriorate under the habit and that it is accompanied by moral, social and individual degradation. Missionaries, however, frequently make mistakes, and it may be that the natural results of contact with European missionary civilisation is sometimes wrongly accredited to opium. Many thousands of the Chinese smoke opium without the least injury to their minds or bodies; though the habitual debauchee doubtless wrecks his constitution sooner or later, as the drunkard does in Christian countries.

Our illustrations follow opium of Indian manufacture on its journey. First the raw material itself is represented and next we see the native cultivators squatted in rows waiting to dispose of their precious produce. Each in turn submits his opium to classification and receives the value of the stuff. Next we illustrate the manufacture of "excise opium," or that prepared for local use; while a subsequent picture shows the landing of a great consignment from the Ganges boats. The laboratory of an opium factory follows, and the series concludes with a photograph representing the staff of officials from the same establishment.



Generation to Generation

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THE HOUSE OF ARGYLE



THE HOUSE OF ARGYLE





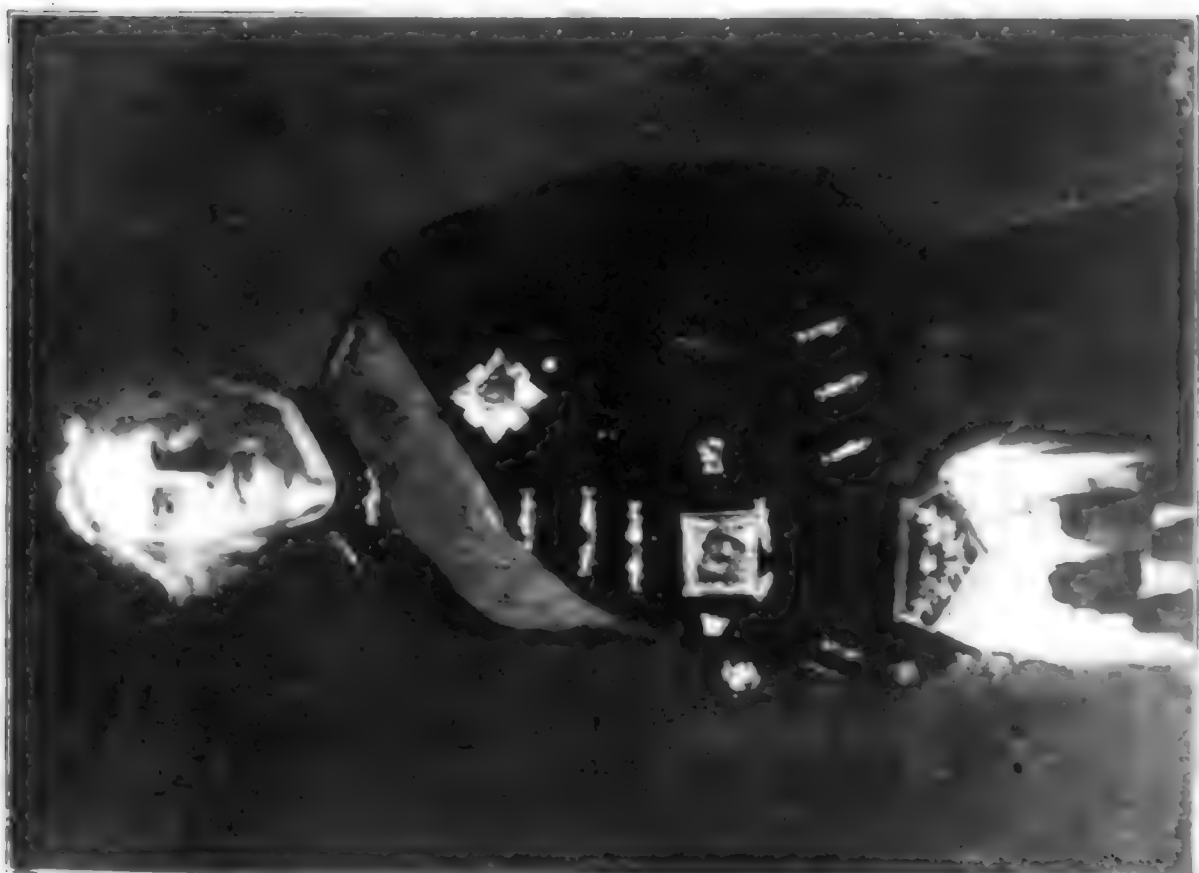
THE TUGGLE



THE TUGGLE



MISS LUDLOW



MR. LUDLOW



THE DUKE OF ARGYLE, 1852

LADY CHARLOTTE CAMERON



LADY CHARLOTTE CAMERON



Pictorial History of the Month.

ACCOUCHEMENT OF THE CZARINA — THE PALACE OF TZARSKOE SELO



ST. GILES' FAIR AT OXFORD

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAUNT



THE SUBLIME PORTE

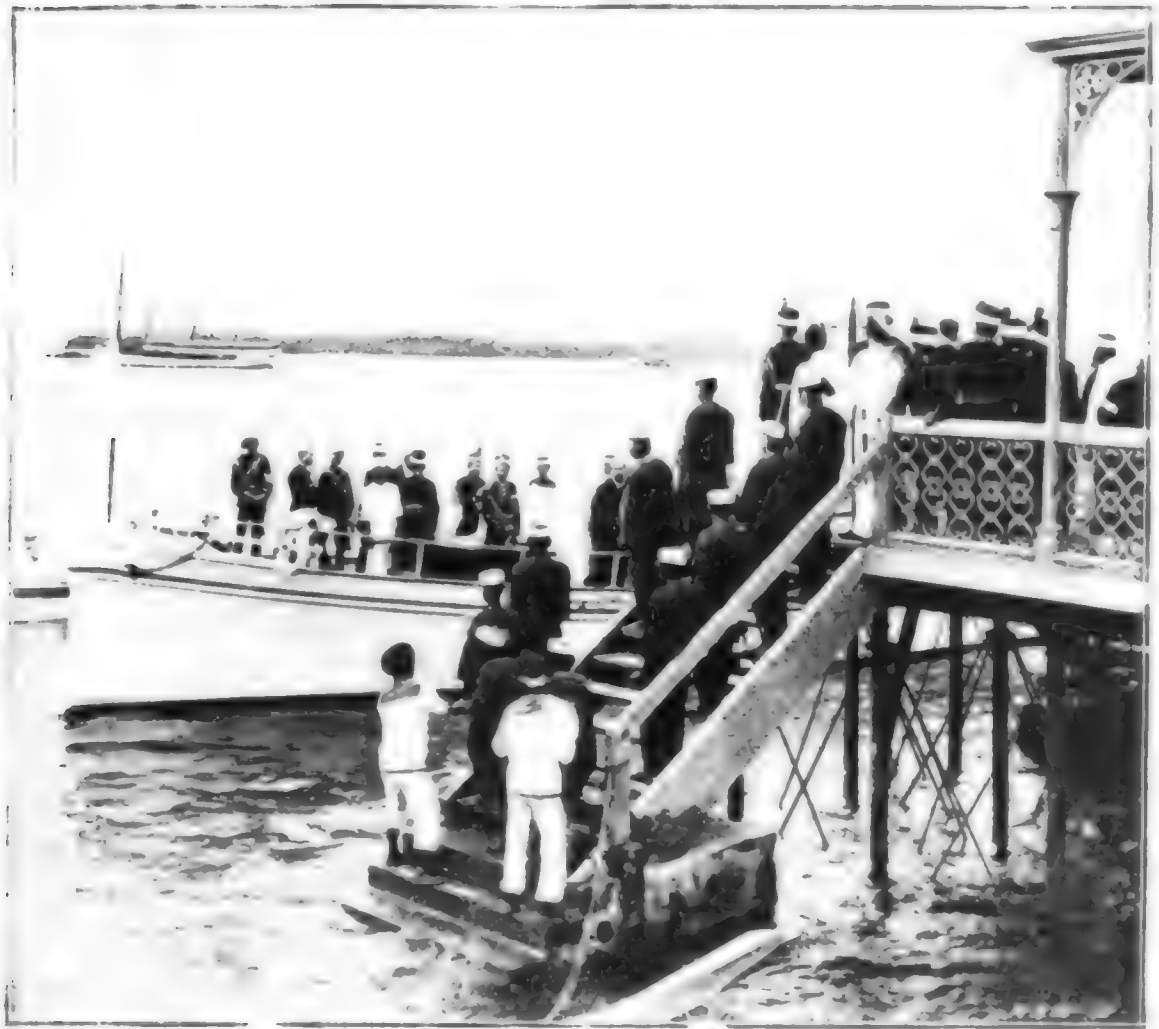


THE BRIDGE ON THE DAY OF THE RIOT
THE RIOTS IN CONSTANTINOPLE



"ROMEO AND JULIET" AT THE LYCEUM
MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL AND MR. FORBES ROBERTSON

THEATRE, NEW YORK



THE ARRIVAL OF THE SULTAN OF ZHORE'S BOAT



THE LATE MR. STOKES WITH AN IVORY CARAVAN



THE ROYAL STAGHOUNDS AT ASCOT

ESQ. & PHOTOGRAPHED BY HILLS AND SAUNDERS



THE NEW BALLET AT THE ALHAMBRA



"O, CLEAR THE WAY, YOU BULLOCK MAN"



A CAMP BY THE WAY
RETURN OF BRITISH TROOPS FROM CHITRAL



THE IRISH TEAM: WINNERS

THE ENGLISH TEAM
THE INTERNATIONAL LACROSSE MATCH

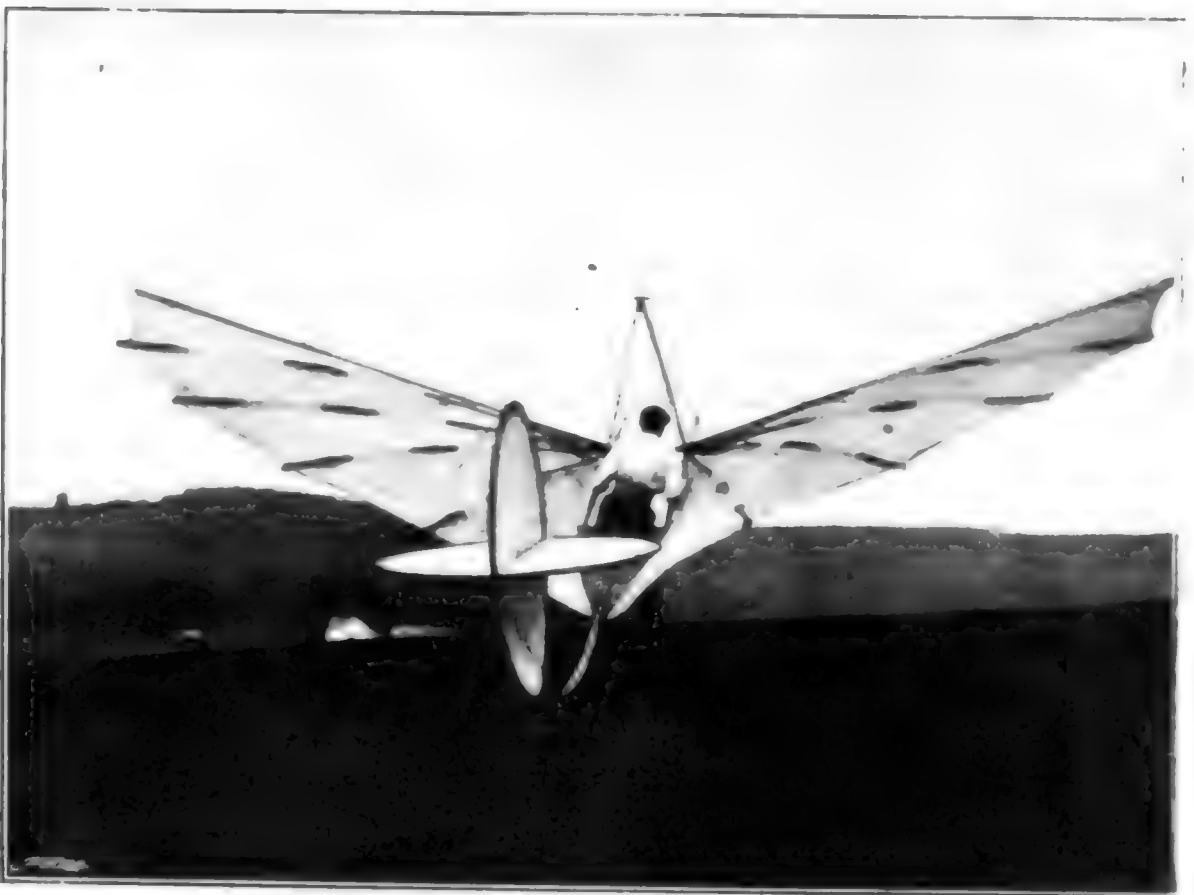
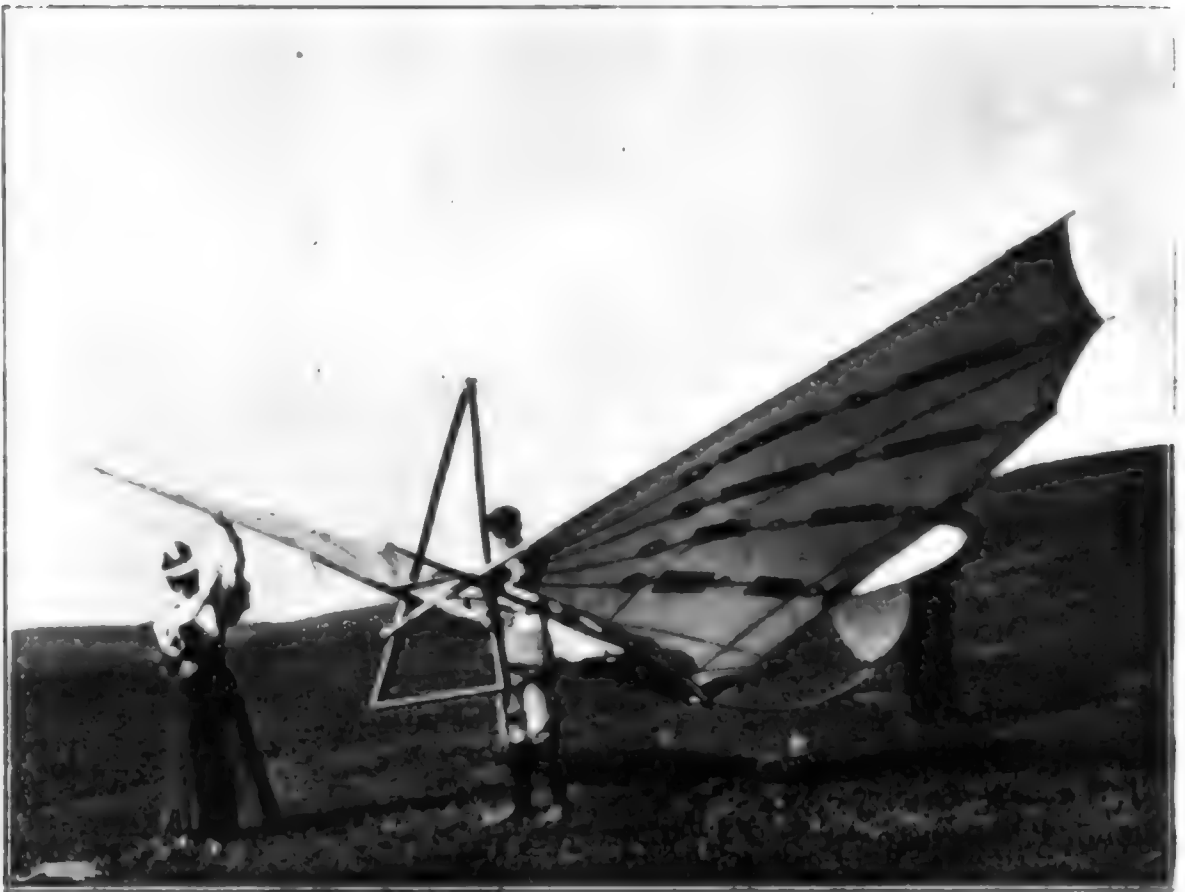


THE FIGHTING IN EAST AFRICA: STORMING A STOCKADE

ILLUSTRATED BY A. M. SUTHERLAND







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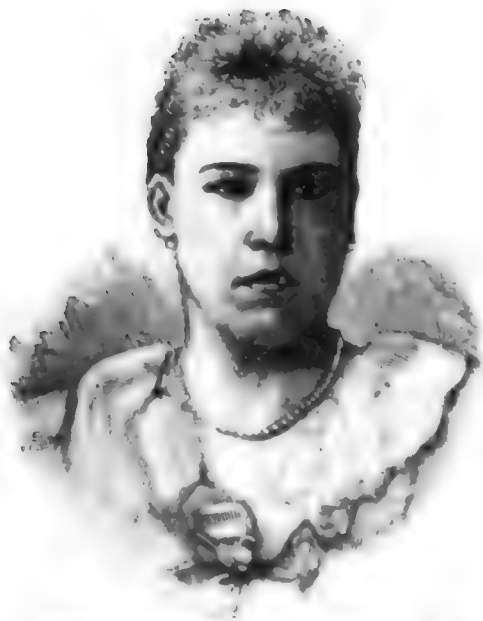


THE NEW YORK
 LADON DE DE WILHELM
 THE NEW YORK



MAX NORDAU





THE PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF COBURG
From a photograph by Heath, Plymouth

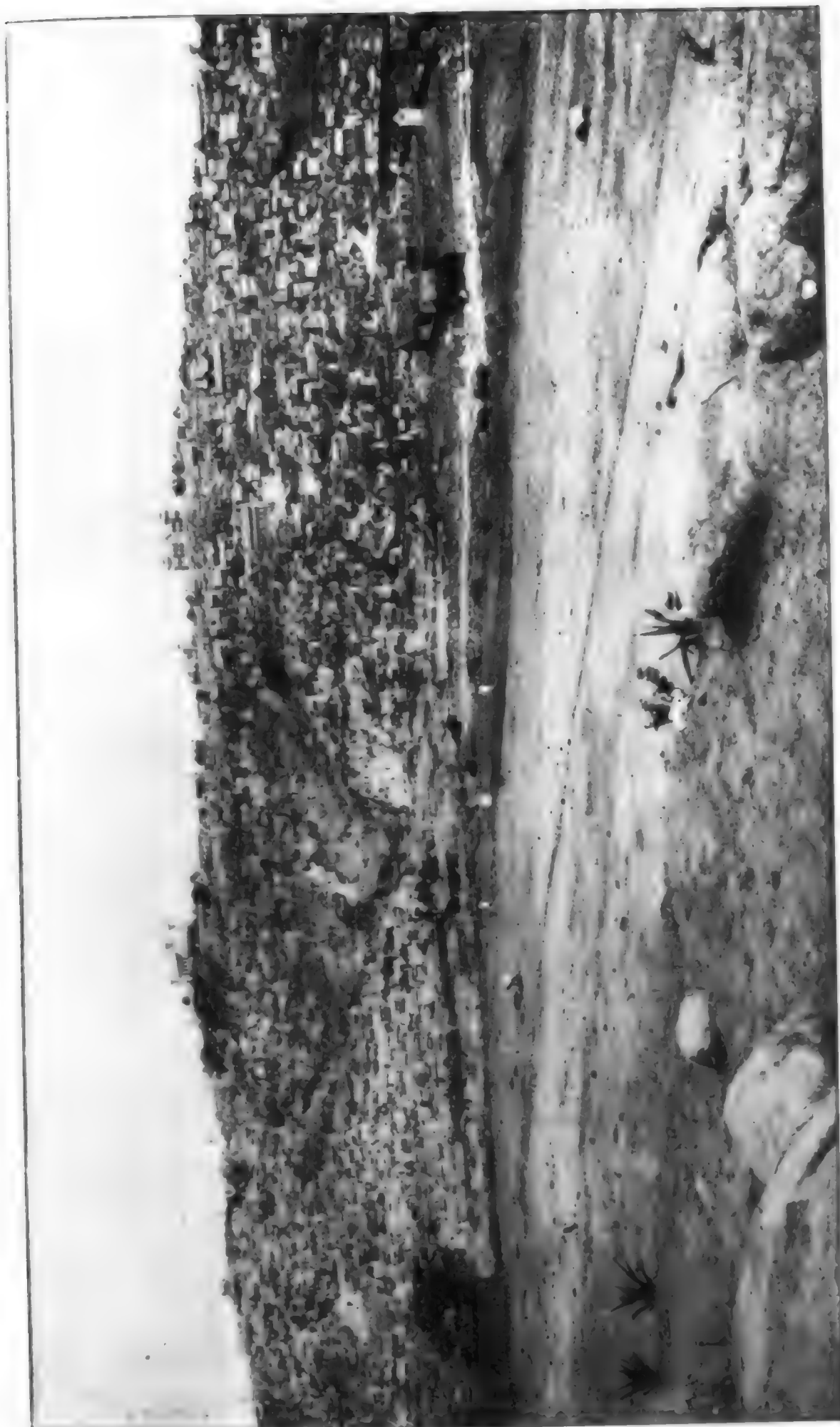


PRINCE ERNEST OF HOHENLOHE-
LANGENBURG

THE ROYAL BETROTHAL.



THE QUEEN OF MADAGASCAR



THE FRENCH IN MADAGASCAR: THE CAPTURED CAPITAL



THE "SOKOL": FASTEST VESSEL IN THE WORLD



THE RECORD-BEATING TRAIN: ENGINE No. 999
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. P. VATES, SYRACUSE, NEW YORK



THE LATE M. PASTEUR

"Trilby" at the Haymarket.



MISS DOROTHEA BAIRD AS "TRILBY"
From photographs by Alfred Ellis



MISS DOROTHEA BAIRD AS "TRILBY"

From a photograph by Alfred Ellis



MISS DOROTHEA BAIRD AND MR. BEERBOHM TREE
From a photograph by Alfred Ellis



MR. BEERBOHM TREE AS "SVENGALI"
From a photograph by Alfred Ellis



MR. BEERBOHM TREE AS "SVENGALI"
From a photograph by Alfred Ellis



MR. BEERBOHM TREE AS "SVENGALI"
From a photograph by Alfred Ellis



POOR MR. POTTOM AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

Drawn by Percy F. S. Spence.

The Book of the Brave.



It is a fine thing for individual writer, or for journal, to become an institution to a goodly number of people. Fickleness, the cynic tells you, is a very common vice of humanity; but you must be more than a little blind if you have not long since discovered for yourself that the virtue of fidelity is just as common. That is to say, the man who has found favour many times in the eyes of the great public (as actor, author, painter—what you will) may rest assured that the same sort of welcome will await the same sort of performance so long as there remain in existence the necessary number of people belonging to the generation which gave a welcome to the original.

The Christmas Season, itself an "institution," abounds in details to which the same word may be appropriately applied, and among these a new book for the young compiled by Mr. Andrew Lang has had long a place. The editor needs not to feel himself slighted if we say of him that "the same sort of welcome awaits the same sort of performance." For the moment we forget which of his "Blue" or "Red" books was the first to appear, but they have all been excellent, and all most heartily welcomed. He may count himself a sufficiently happy man if the last of the series, *The Red True Story Book* fares equally well, though there is no earthly reason why it should

not find new readers in addition to the old, and so eclipse the record of its predecessors.

Children are nowadays less credulous than their fathers were in the days of their extreme youth; and for that reason it may be that a book of true tales will have a readier audience than one made up of fairy tales pure and simple. There can be no father of children—no uncle, or friend of children, for the matter of

that—who has not discovered for himself, too, that, however fond they may be of a tale for a tale's sake, they never fail to ask, "Is it a true story?" and to value it the more if the answer be in the affirmative.

English children, happily, will still stand no risk of being without food for the imagination, even though the Puritans of some future generation have power to enact that any man who corrupts the youth of his country by setting before them anything less demonstrably true than the first proposition of Euclid shall be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law. There is nothing brave or beautiful told of the heroes of ancient and unadulterated romance which cannot be paralleled in the histories of the men who have made England what she is. Soldiers, sailors, explorers, doc-

tors, mere men, they have echoed the refrain of Mr. W. E. Henley's "England," and died or conquered as they did so, deeming their luck quite good enough in either case.

The fairy-tale—and you may reasonably enough apply the term to any romantic tale of things which do not happen to have come to pass in the real



world—may elevate the imagination and teach the love of beauty and of bravery that should be instinct in every child. But the story that has really happened—the account, as literature, of what but yesterday was told piece-meal in the newspapers—has this virtue, and another in addition: it should teach the children who read that their country is a thing to be very proud of, if only because so many brave men, so many noble women, have chosen to endure intolerable hardship, to suffer torture, and to die, merely that the country should not be shamed. That is a thing which always wants teaching, for there is never so great a need of patriots as when the fatherland is powerful, wealthy and respected.

For these reasons, apart from the merits of its contents as literature pure and simple, Mr.

Lang's book may be very heartily commended. Of the admirable illustrations

it is scarcely necessary to speak at length: the three specimens which we

here reproduce should make all speech of that kind very much of a superfluity. For the literary contents, it holds a great variety of tales, some of which would be very good literature—good stories—if they were not sober history, while there is hardly a number which does not interest in the reading and abide in the memory as an inspiring influence. This collection may be commended to those who want a book for someone young, but are bewildered by the almost infinite variety from which they are expected to make their choice.



New Turns at the Music-Halls.

MR. HARRY TATE.



THE success of Miss Cissie Loftus in her imitations had brought into being a host of imitators of her methods, and one was already more than a little tired of imitations

when Mr. Harry Tate made his first appearance at one of the big London halls (was it the Pavilion?) somewhere about a twelve-month since. His instantaneous and well-maintained success, therefore, bespeaks a cleverness very much indeed above the ordinary level. Unknown one week, he was something of a celebrity among those who frequent the halls before the next had begun. A year is a very short period in the life of a really busy man, and Mr. Tate has always been busy since that start of his; but he has found time to appear at all the principal halls in the interval, and his imitations still go excellently. For truth to life one prefers his impersonations of singers of his own sex, and it adds to the enjoyment of the original if he comes on to sing when he has just been admirably mimicked. Among those whom Mr. Harry Tate uses as the models of his imitations are Messrs. R. G. Knowles, Eugene Stratton, Gus Elen, George Beauchamp, Harry Freeman, T. P. Dunville, George Robey, and Sam Redfern, and his success in so many very different impersonations proves his versatility to be very extraordinary indeed. We reproduce, along with his

portrait in ordinary costume, a photograph showing how he makes up to imitate Miss Cissie Loftus in her imitation of Miss Letty Lind in the "Tom-tit" song and dance. You may or may not think the impersonation one of his best—opinion is, at least, considerably divided—but the make-up the severest of critics must recognise as admirable.



THE SISTERS HAWTHORNE

LITTLE MAUD.

Little Maud comes straight from the remote provinces to the London Variety Halls where a voice, which is certainly remarkable in a child whose years number no more than eleven, should help her to achieve no inconsiderable success. As is no more than right and proper in one of her tender years, little Maud usually chooses one or other of the popular ballads of the day wherewith to please her audiences, rendering them with a good deal of dramatic



MR. HARRY TATE AS MISS CISSIE LOFTUS
From a photograph by Hana, Strand



MR. HARRY TATE
From a photograph by Hana, Strand



JAMES N. NORRIE



LITTLE MAUD
From a photograph by Lafayette

action, such as the usual ballad-singer disdains. She is also fortunate enough to have the permission of Miss Nellie Richards to sing *The Alabama Coon*, a song which in her case, as in more than one other, always means applause.

MR. J. N. NORRIE.

Mr. James N. Norrie is so well-known to those who visit the halls that it may be well to begin by saying that he is a keen cyclist, a good athlete, and that only a few weeks ago he played for the Clown Cricketers (along with many another "pro") against the Gentlemen of Covent Garden. He has the good luck to possess a tenor voice of curious and very pleasing quality, and to have learnt how to use it with effect. It is some three years since he made his first appearance at the Tivoli, where he sang *Sally in Our Alley*, and, by way of a change, a song which was then little known, though organ-grinders have since made it famous: *Two Little Girls in Blue*.

MR. ERNEST HEATHCOTE.

Mr. Ernest Heathcote is one of the newest recruits to the London music-hall stage. He has been well-known in the provinces for some considerable time past as an excellent actor in burlesque.



MR. ERNEST HEATHCOTE
From a photograph by Edwin Taylor, Sheffield

Since he came to London he has appeared at Clapham, the London, the Middlesex, and at Gatti's, Westminster Bridge Road. He styles himself an eccentric comedian, and his skill in divers gymnastic feats makes him a success. Perhaps the best testimonial which can be given him, however, is that he has deputised at the Tivoli for both Messrs. R. G. Knowles and Dan Leno, and that he has done so well on such occasions that he will have a place to himself on the regular programme of the Strand hall before long.

THE SISTERS HAWTHORNE

It is usually safe to take it for granted that people whom one hears of as coming to make their first appearance in London at the Palace will prove themselves excellent performers. If the Sisters Hawthorne, who appear there on or about the 25th of the current month, turn out otherwise they will belie not only the natural anticipations of the London public, but the declarations of the New York critics. For these three singers and dancers come to us from the land which lends us Eugene Stratton and many another star of the halls, and on that side their success has been very pronounced indeed.

Mr. Du Maurier.

MR. DU MAURIER has drawn for other periodicals, but it is from the pages of *Punch* that he is best known to the world as an artist. His connection with that paper goes back far into the dim past. It would be hard to compute how many long, strong, pure-minded English girls he has drawn for *Punch* during that period, or how closely those English girls have resembled each other. For his Midas, his Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns, and his pretty invention of an æsthetic movement, all who can appreciate humour must have been thankful. His fashions (of all kinds) are correct; he knows the society that he satirizes—a very unusual thing in a social satirist. His dream pictures in *Punch's Almanacks* bear witness to a fine gift of fantastic imagination. At an age when some authors have written themselves out Mr. Du Maurier began to write. He remembered his youth; he also remembered, or thought he remembered, Mr. Whistler's, and this was less fortunate. But still he wrote *Trilby*, and far eclipsed the success of his previous literary work. His study of hypnotism may not be scientific, and his hero's religious difficulties are tiresome, but for all that *Trilby* interested England and crazed America. Whether she has definitely left her charming foot-print on the sands of time, it is (at the moment of going to press) too early to decide. Mr.

Du Maurier is universally said to be a good fellow and a genial companion.





WHEN the editor of the *Ludgate* invited me to take charge of this department of the magazine, I was vastly gratified, of course; but, being a most conscientious person, I felt it incumbent upon me to warn him that I could not write about chiffons.

"Dear Mrs. Babbington-Bright," he replied, with his wonted graciousness, "there are many subjects in this world besides dress."

Oddly enough, that view of life had not occurred to me. So if any economical dame yearns to ascertain a profitable method of disposing of muslin frocks bought as a bargain during the delusive spell of hot weather, and if a sportive maid would fain exchange a "pair of riding boots, small twos, but once worn," for a "toy terrier," I beseech them to enquire elsewhere.

Probably the Bonbonnière may not invariably contain sugar-plums. There exist, also, medicinal tablets, conducive to human well-being and not outwardly repulsive.

Londoners covertly smile at, yet

avowedly sympathise with, the provincial visitors' dread of being "done," and his or her earnest desire to keep secret, experiences in this direction. It assuredly requires both time and courage to expose any fraud, and few care to devote holiday leisure to this occupation. Yet were temporary sojourners in the metropolis to make public the ingenious devices whereby they had been defrauded, they would undoubtedly earn the gratitude of the many.

Prior to certain recent disclosures, a friend of Mr. Babbington-Bright's, who was living at a London hotel, wanted a shave and visited a barber who pursued his calling in a shabby, upstairs room in a street off the Strand. On the accomplishment of the primary object, the operator remarked that his customer's teeth would be improved by having a little tartar removed, and asked if he might do it. Permission gained, he slightly scraped the outside of the teeth, and thereupon demanded a fee of two guineas! When remonstrated with, he declared himself a fully qualified dentist entitled to exact the charge. The gentleman, unfortunately, was compelled to leave town that morning—so he paid the absurd charge.

On inquiry, however, he found himself but one of many dupes. I suppose such an astute operator is wary enough to select as victims those whom adroit questioning approve mere birds of passage: hence this species of fraud for a time defies exposure. Of course, the victim remains not silent, however, but proclaims his





THE HALLOWE'EN MIRROR SPELL

Drawn by B. Hall Engraved by H. Werdmüller

grievance; and, in the end, comes one ready to do battle in the public cause.

Women cousins from the provinces complain bitterly of the suspicious vigilance on their movements when they are shopping. We deemed them imaginative or super-sensitive, till, one day last week, when Mr. Babbington-Bright and myself went to a Regent Street jeweller's to buy a small present. After we had selected a little gold bangle from a number shown us, the salesman left us for a moment to find a suitable case. His place behind the counter was instantly taken by two young assistants, who stood there, leisurely rubbing up ornaments, till his return.

Experience must have taught shopkeepers the necessity for constant watching; and the supervision was unostentatious as possible. But, as we all imagine respectability, not to mention honesty, writ large upon us, it is somewhat of a shock to be even provisionally, and remotely associated with criminals. My husband declared it made him feel quite "sneaky" and disreputable. I know it earned



our insulted
cousins my very
warmest sym-
pathy.

During a portion of the glorious autumn spent in Scotland, we were amused by a fad popular among golfers—that of dispensing with headgear. On the famous Fifeshire links it was quite common to behold men and maidens, attended by caddies laden with driver, cleek, iron, niblick, and putter, trotting along with their uncovered locks wildly ruffled by the breeze rarely absent from the northern

seaboard; or playing tennis, with faces crimson from the effects of the sun beating fiercely upon their unprotected polls.

The fashion is not pretty; and Dr. Gordon Stables, whose eulogy of the direct influence of sun and air on the growth and the beauty of the hair is responsible for this folly, ought really to reconsider the matter, and to remind his great cloud of disciples that there are times and seasons for everything.



A healthier mania, and more sensible, is the craze for walking tours which has lately taken possession of the younger feminine world. Four damsels of my acquaintance recently spent a never-to-be-forgotten fortnight, exploring that part of the Scottish Highlands wherewith Stevenson has made all familiar in his record of the flight of David Balfour and Alan Breek.

The girls displayed no eccentricity of garb: they wore dark serge skirts and coats, cotton blouses, and sailor hats; and broad-soled lacing boots. Baggage was discarded, save what could be packed in the light knapsack each carried strapped upon her back. Umbrellas were unnecessary: sticks invaluable.

Young and unaided, except by maps and guide-books, they yet traversed nigh two hundred miles, much of it over wild and desolate country. On every hand they experienced naught but kindness. The outlay of the expedition was astonishingly small; and the daring little band returned radiant in health and in spirits.

To me a more attractive, because less ambitious, trip was recently overtaken in leisurely fashion by two other girl friends. The twain selected a section of the South Coast, thickly dotted with towns and villages, and resolved to walk no further than ten miles a day. Leaving a place after breakfast they sauntered gently to the next town, where they arrived in time for early dinner; and then, after resting a while, they started afresh and reached their abode for the night early enough for high tea, followed by a quiet survey of the neighbourhood.

A tramp of this kind is exertion

enough for my taste; but then I freely confess myself no record-breaker. Once I walked five long miles in the Scotch Lowlands and reached a hamlet only to discover that there was no inn, and that as it was a "Fast Day" no amount of persuasion would induce the inhabitants to sell anything. Whereupon I trudged five hungry miles home. Since then any vehicle, from a carriage to a wheelbarrow, is good enough for me. And apropos of carts, I wonder how many realises the enjoyment to be found in "cart-exercise."

One summer's day my little son and I left a country village where we were rusticating, to spend a few days at a watering-place three miles distant. It happened that the inn-keeper's wagonette, the only public vehicle the village possessed, was engaged, so we, perforce, decided to walk, and chartered the carrier to transport our needments. It was exceeding warm, and after our portmanteaux had been stored in the cart, a sudden impulse made us seize cushions, climb into the vehicle, and ensconce ourselves comfortably on the top of the luggage.

Down the white road we jogged most happily; the slow motion affording time to note and enjoy many little matters of interest by the way. Now, in a more conventional equipage, we would have been hurried along, and missed precious bits of nature, human and other. Henceforward give me a carriage for convenience, but a cart for pleasure.

Everyone talks as if superstitions were fled, and solid fact alone remained in the British Isles, although there is overwhelming evidence against the theory. On Hallowe'en, many a trembling maid will shut herself into a room lit by a solitary candle, and, standing before the looking-glass, will eat half an apple, placing the other half on her left shoulder. There, chilled and fearful, she will watch the reflection of the apple, hoping that the apparition

of her lover may come to claim it; yet dreading lest the bony hand of Death may be outstretched to grasp it. It is scarce matter for surprise the foolish girls have been known to turn hysterical and to rush shrieking from the ordeal chamber. Let any woman, priding herself upon strength of nerve, enter a dimly-lit room, and stare fixedly at her own reflection in the mirror. She will be amazed in a few moments to see what strange, wild eyes meet her gaze, and how unfamiliar seem the features reflected therein.

The child takes the supernatural much more seriously, yet much more easily, than the adult. On the threshold of life the mysterious and the commonplace are strangely blended. For instance, my little son accepted with perfect faith the delightful fantasies in *Old Hungarian Tales* translated from *Népmesék* by the Baroness Orczy, and illustrated by her and her husband, Mr. Montagu Barstow. With equal belief in the powers of the editor, he suggested that certain of the pictures in the volume should be employed in decorating these pages; and, through the kindness of Messrs. Dean and Son, the publishers, the editor has been able to gratify his wish.

MURIEL BABBINGTON-BRIGHT.



Fashions of the Month.



THIS evening gown recalls the Marie Antoinette period. The gored skirt traced with sequins is made, like the pointed belt, of brocade; while the berthe is chiffon, and a pointed lace collar outlines the *décolletage*.

* * Patterns of the Costumes which appear in these pages will be forwarded by post direct from the Office of "THE LUDGATE," 34, Bouverie Street, on the following terms:—Cape or Skirt, 1s.; Do. (cut to measure), 1s. 6d.; Jacket or Bodice, 1s.; Do. (cut to measure), 1s. 6d.; Whole Costume, 2s.; Do. (cut to measure), 2s. 6d. Full particulars for self-measurement and form of application will usually be found at end of book.



THIS also is an evening gown, of black satin. The front is formed of diamonds of white satin and cream lace, while a cream lace collar outlines the neck at the back. (*See Note.*)



OUR artist represents a walking dress. It is made in one of the new *bouclé* cloths, trimmed with strappings buttoned with gold. (*See Note.*)



THE above dress is made in one of the new crépons, with a bodice of caracule, and an inner vest of white cloth, shewing against a waistcoat of plaid velvet. (*See Note.*)



THE drawing of our artist represents a tea-gown of brocade, with a yoke of transparent lace, with long scarves of chiffon. (*See Note.*)

THIS cape is made in the material of any costume it is desired to match. It has epaulettes of silk passementerie work, to which are added long frilled ends of Maltese lace. The Medicis collar is lined with the material of the cape. The second illustration is a dress for a girl of seven or eight. The material is Cheviot. The large sleeves are cut in four parts, and the frock completed by a collar of white and mode-coloured Cheviot trimmed with a small passementerie border. The collar is open in front. The third shows a dress for a still younger girl. It is made of white woollen stuff and trimmed with pink *faconné* silk ribbon and rosettes, and cross-stitch embroidery in the same tint.



The "Ludgate" Prize Competitions.

The "Ludgate" Competitions have been eminently successful, and in course of time the Editor intends to extend their scope and increase their interest. A vast number of manuscripts were received and careful attention was given to the whole of them. The best plot for a novel was sent by W. Waite Sanderson, 2, Fenham Terrace, Newcastle-on-Tyne. The best set of verses came from F. H. Sikes, M.A., Brighton Road, Sutton, Surrey. Hereafter it may be possible to print from time to time contributions which, though they do not win a prize, are deemed worthy of commendation. Only one drawing was received in time, and it was not up to the required standard, so that there was no competition. The photographs sent in for the "September" Photographic Competition were very numerous, the best of them being by T. Morley Brook. For the next Photographic Competition, under the new conditions, an enormous number of contributions have been received. The decision will be announced in the December Number of the magazine.

THE BEST NOVEL PLOT.

"THE EVIL THAT MEN DO."

BY W. WAITE SANDERSON, 2, Fenham Terrace, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

THE story opens at Wansbury. Miles Oldham, a simple, honest countryman, is betrothed to Madge Burton, the spoiled daughter of a village carpenter. One evening during a solitary ramble Madge meets Percy Martin, a good hearted but irresponsible lad of one-and-twenty, who is tramping through the Lake District. He enters into conversation with the girl and kills an idle hour by drawing vivid word pictures of London and the world of fashion there. Miles encounters the pair and Martin passes on. That night Madge retires to rest, her head one mad whirl of impressions, to dream of a smile and a hand-clasp that has thrilled her more, infinitely more, than the passionate embrace of her affianced husband. Two years pass, Madge and Miles are now married and a little one has come to bind more closely these two whom God has joined. By a strange freak of destiny Martin returns to Wansbury; with him comes Dennis Granville, a hard, cold man of the world. His influence over the lad has been thoroughly demoralizing. Martin is again brought into contact with Madge whose existence he had entirely forgotten. The acquaintance is renewed. They meet frequently, at first accidentally, then by design. Utterly regardless now of the responsibilities of life, Martin seeks

to win Madge's love and eventually carries her away, leaving Miles and her child to face the taunts of the world. He assures her that Miles will obtain a divorce, and that they will then be legally married. Had he known Miles better he might have realised that the simple, noble nature would shrink instinctively from parading his wife's shame before the world. For a time Miles struggles on in silence, but at length gives up the unequal struggle and starts for the Antipodes, leaving his child with some kinsmen at home. For three long years he roams over the world vainly endeavouring to blot from his mind the image of a fair face. Eighteen months after their elopement Percy Martin is called to his account and the inevitable happens. Madge, returning to England, passes from one stage to another, sinking deeper at each step, until at length one morning a woman is placed in the dock of a London police-court charged with attempted suicide. Her sad story is told, and she is remanded that enquiries may be made. Oldham is discovered and brought once more face to face with his wife. "Will you give her another chance?" the magistrate asks. "If not I must send her to prison." "I could not bear to see her go to prison; will she come back to me—will she give up the old life?" The

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promise is eagerly given. "Then I will take her home," Miles answers, with quiet dignity. They determine to live in London, believing that the great social vortex will swallow up their story. It leaks out, however. Neighbours gossip, so they move from place to place, but scandal's small voice follows closely in their wake. Nowhere are they secure. At length they take their child and emigrate to Canada. Here gossip ceases, but another shadow grows up that eclipses entirely the misery caused by scandal-loving tongues. Madge gradually realises that the past can never be blotted out: the memory of these three terrible years rises like a gaunt spectre between her husband and herself. Miles struggles against it, but it is useless, and Madge, poor wayward Madge, instinctively reads his mind. There is but one thing—death. So she seeks the rest that has been denied her on earth in a quiet pool within sight of their home. That evening when Miles returns from work he finds their child alone, playing with a number of trinkets, presents from himself to Madge,

that his mother has heaped in his lap. On their rough deal table lies the family bible, from which Madge has just erased her name, and upon this a note and Madge's wedding ring. Her last letter closes with these words: "Try to keep my past from little Miles. I told him just now that I was going away for a long time and he cried. He loves me, husband. Can you keep that love in his heart? Do so if you can for your poor wife's sake. I shall sleep more peacefully if I know he loves me still. I once read that 'the evil men do lives after them.' Is this true of women? That thought has haunted me. Will the evil that I have done live after me? Will my boy suffer for his mother's sin? Ah! no, no, God is merciful. He will not allow that. My child will grow up a good man. I know it. When I finish this I will kiss him and steal quietly away. I want you to take my last kiss from my boy's lips: it will be purer than from my own. Goodbye, husband. God bless you and my boy always. Your heartbroken wife, Madge."

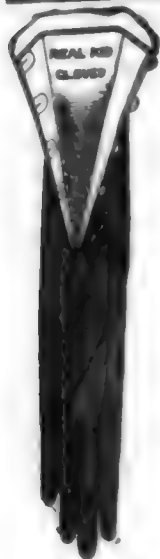


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of Every Description at equally Moderate Prices.

**LADIES' CAPE GLOVES.**

The L. G. Co.'s "Melton" Cape, for Walking or Driving, Single Spear Points, 4 Buttons, 3/- per pair. In Gold or Oak Tan.

The L. G. Co.'s celebrated "Rainproof" Cape, for Walking or Driving, Pique-seam Sewn, Spear Points, 4 Buttons, 3/9 per pair. In Mid and Dark Tan.

REINDEER GLOVES.

Ladies' 4-Button Reindeer, Pique Sewn. In Tan or Grey, with Imperial Points, stitched, Black or Self, 4/3 per Pair.

Ladies' 4-Button Reindeer, Pique-seam Sewn, English make. In Tan or Grey, with Self Sewn Points, 6/10 and 8/6 per pair.

Gentlemen's 2-Button Reindeer, 4/6, 6/6 and 8/6 per pair.

LADIES' SUEDE GLOVES.

4 Buttons, Plain Points, 1/11, 2/6, 3/-, and 3/6 per pair. In Black, White, Tan, Beavers, Greys, etc.

4-Button Superior Quality Suede. In Black with White, Heliotrope, Pink, Sky, Gold or Red Points and Welts, 2/11 per pair.

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8-Button Length Mousquetaire, 3/3; 12-Button Length, 4/3; 16-Button Length, 4/11; 20-Button Length, 5/11 per pair. In Black, White, Cream, Tan, and all Light Shades.

WHITE KID "OPERA" QUALITY.

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IN PRAISE OF CHRISTMAS.

OF Christmas, countless bards have
sung,
And I shall swell their number,
If frozen feet can move among
Yule-logs and other lumber.

At Christmas, tho', I'm wont to touch
On everything that's doleful,
Perchance because I feast too much,
And wassail by the bowlful.

And since those songs of mournful
tune
Upon my shelf still slumber,
I'll pen some rosy rhymes in June
To swell a Christmas Number.

For, while defraying summer's tolls
On tissue-cells, 'tis pleasing
To sing the praise of wassail-bowls
And Christmas all a-freezing.

BY F. H. SIKES, M.A., *Brighton Road, Sutton, Surrey*

THE LUDGATE

Literary & Artistic

Prize Competitions.

FOR STORIES, DRAWINGS, VERSES, & AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHS.

The Editor of the LUDGATE, desirous of furnishing Amateurs of literary and artistic tastes with means of estimating the value of their work, has decided to present silver medals of handsome design for :

The **Best Original Story** about eight hundred words long.

The **Best Original Drawing** for a page of the magazine $8\frac{3}{4}$ by $5\frac{1}{4}$ inches : the sketch ought to be larger.

The **Best Set of Original Verses**, which may be given as a decorative page.

The **Best Photograph**: Animal study or Landscape with animals.

Each photograph sent must be mounted, with the title on front, and the name and address of sender on back of mount. Silver prints are preferable for purposes of reproduction, and should be supplied whenever possible. A competitor may send in any number of photographs provided they are forwarded in one parcel. The decision of the Editor is final.

Contributions, marked "Prize Competitions," and bearing the name and address of the sender, must reach the Ludgate Offices, 34, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, E.C., by the 1st of December; and the prize-winners will be announced in the January Number.

The Editor reserves the right to publish any of the Contributions, though, as a rule, only those that take prizes, or are commended, will be given. Every effort will be made to return unsuccessful MSS, Drawings, and Photographs, where stamps are sent for the purpose, though no guarantee can be given on the subject.

PUZZLEDOM.

THE following are the names and addresses of the winners in Puzzledom in our September Number: Mr. Thomas Slater, Winder, Frizington, Carnforth; Miss Baines, 11, Cromwell Terrace, Scarborough; Miss Page, The Elms, Bodicote, Banbury; Mrs. Warriner, Bloxham Grove, near Banbury; H. M. White, 47, Musters Road, West Bydsford, Nottingham.

The Best Photograph.



" MISCHIEF BREWING "

THE PRIZE PHOTOGRAPH, BY T. MORLEY BROOK, LANCASHIRE

An Appeal.

DURING the Influenza Epidemic this year the medical profession universally prescribed **HALL'S COCA WINE**. The unexpected and increased demand we were unable to meet, and we were obliged to publicly apologise for non-delivery of orders. We are now in a position to meet any demand that can arise. Unfortunately the demand, which we were unable to meet, induced a number of individuals to offer the public, under the name of Coca Wine, unpalatable and utterly useless preparations, which have disappointed and disgusted those who have been misled. With a view to removing the bad impression created, we are sending to all who are desirous of tasting the beneficial qualities of **HALL'S COCA WINE**, free tasting samples; we only ask that you will send us a post-card and judge for yourselves. It is absolutely proved by the Medical Press and Profession that—

Hall's Coca Wine is indispensable to over-worked and worn-out men and women;

Hall's Coca Wine relieves mental and physical fatigue;

Hall's Coca Wine removes depression;

Hall's Coca Wine cures neuralgia, sleeplessness, and anaemia;

Hall's Coca Wine is the most marvellous restorative after illness ever used; and what is still more important, it has none of the fearful after-effects which follow the use of narcotics and other powerful remedies which *relieve for a period*, but which invariably have to be paid for by the reaction which follows.

We have endeavoured to protect the public by adopting the trade mark of a keystone in red, with the signature of the firm, S. S. & Co., across the label, and we beg that purchasers will reject any that do not bear this distinctive mark.

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